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Events of the Week.

A SERIOUS situation, amounting in fact to sporadic mutiny, has arisen in the Army. Of civilian discontent with methods of demobilization we had already heard a good deal—from employers who had applied for men and could not get them back, and from those whose relatives were anxiously awaiting demobilization. Now from several quarters at once, the soldiers themselves have spoken in voices of discontent and resentment. It is difficult for the outsider to say how much substance there is in the actual complaints which they make. Some, it is clear, arise rather from the desire of the authorities to hasten demobilization in response to civilian pressure, and from the adoption of improvised and ill-considered methods with this object. That, for instance, is the case with the attempt to combine demobilization with leave from France, which was at least partly responsible for the Folkestone outbreak. But even if a part of the explanation lies in this, the main reason for the muddle is clear. We ought to have begun demobilization with a carefully considered plan, matured long before the end of the war, and our first step ought to have been to make that plan universally known and understood by issuing explanatory statements covering the whole of the ground, and by making all the forms to be filled up simple and direct. As things are, there has been little or no co-ordination between the departments responsible for demobilization, and a worse muddle than any that has so far been made may at any moment occur.

In the present temper of the soldiers this is a very serious position. This week's disturbances have been singularly free from ill-temper. So are most demonstrations—when they begin. But already they show signs of explosive force. They have been handled so far in a fairly tactful way, and that is to the good. But what is wanted more than tact is policy. We must at once make up our minds how large an army we mean to keep, and state the figure openly; and we must then, knowing our problem, state exactly how we propose to demobilize the remainder. If we do that, we may not quell discontent; but we shall at least know what it is about.

There are many rumors to the effect that the question of Russia played an important part in the "mutinies." Men were, or more probably only thought they were, under orders for Russia; and the cry "We won't go to Russia" was, in at least one case, the slogan of the "mutineers." It is said that one town was placarded with these words.

WHETHER that be true or not, it is quite obvious that any Russian campaign conducted by our Government would not merely be unpopular. It would be widely execrated, and be regarded as a flagrant breach of faith with the men who joined up "for the duration." Evidently this is realised; for already inspired statements are appearing in the Press that Great Britain has no intention of increasing her forces in Russia. Thus the "mutinies" seem likely to give us at least one good thing, by opening the door for negotiation with the Russian Government (which has already asked for it in the most explicit fashion), and by making military intervention impossible from the moment when the provisioned camps in the Arctic—which must be terribly trying to the men shut up in them—can be broken up in the spring. Apart from this by-product of benefit, the method of "demobilization by mutiny" has nothing to commend it, and we hope that the Government will at once make its plans so as to remove the real grievances.

PRESIDENT WILSON's hand has appeared clearly this week in two brief semi-official statements to the effect (1) that he favors the early relaxation of the blockade, and (2) that he is opposed to further intervention in Russia. Whether owing to his influence, or because of the widespread unrest in the Army, an official British statement announces that no more conscripts will be sent to Archangel, that the 15,000 or 20,000 men who are already there will be gradually replaced by volunteers. We wonder how! Archangel is closed till June. This is satisfactory so far as it goes. But there is a new French force, consisting of negroes from West Africa, at Odessa. There is a British force at Batoum. Further, there is reason to believe that subsidies, munitions, aeroplanes, and officers are being supplied to General Koltchak and the associated reactionary armies. Competent authorities predict an appalling famine this winter, and this will be due mainly to the cutting off of Siberian supplies. If, as we hope, we are recurring to non-intervention, that ought to involve also the stoppage of subsidies and supplies for the counter-revolution. It is known, meanwhile, that Lenin is eager to seek a *modus vivendi*, and offers to leave the border regions unmolested if he, in turn, is left undisturbed.

THE highly-colored news of fresh fighting in Berlin during this week which reaches this country is mostly indirect and second-hand. The Spartacus party is bent on wrecking the Provisional Government and the Constituent Assembly, but as yet it does not attempt an unlimited revolution. Its tactics are rather guerilla disturbances. The starting-point was the attempt of the Government to dismiss Herr Eichhorn from his post as

Chief of Police in Berlin. A former employee of M. Joffe and the Bolshevik Embassy, he had used his position to arm large numbers of workmen and to enlist them in the Spartacus Party. Liebknecht determined to resist his dismissal, and was strong enough to seize the offices of "Vorwärts" and of the Wolff Bureau. The street fighting, though machine guns, grenades, and even minenwerfer were used, seems to have been half-hearted, and rumor does not go beyond a story of 300 casualties. The latest news reports the failure of the Spartacus men to take the Chancellor's Palace, and their acceptance of the Independent leaders as mediators. So far, the disturbances are confined to Berlin, and our impression is that Germans take them less seriously than our own Press.

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THE Bolshevik invasion of the Baltic Provinces continues without much serious opposition. Our marines, landed for a few hours at Riga, have been withdrawn. The German regulars are also retiring, and Herr Erzberger, for the Armistice Commission, hotly denies that they are under any obligation to delay their departure and resist the Bolsheviks. Local German volunteers, ill-equipped and without unity of command, seem to be the only opposing forces left. How far the invaders are Great Russians we do not know. The Non-Russian and Non-German population has long been Socialist, with strong Bolshevik tendencies, and the Lettish regiments were always the best Bolshevik troops. What is happening is probably that these Lett troops are now returning to their homes. The German population does not exceed 7 per cent. To save it from massacre is one thing; to enforce its rule quite another. That atrocities are frequent is probable. The peasants are only too likely to retaliate on the German landlords for the wholesale brutalities of the repression of their former revolt in 1905. Lithuania is also being overrun, and the Poles, with no adequate force to resist it, are also expecting invasion.

* * *

ONE of the strangest comedies of intrigue has been played this week in Warsaw. A group of aristocratic "White Guard" conspirators, led by Prince Sapieha, contrived by surprise to kidnap the Socialist Premier, some of his colleagues, and the Chief of Staff. The latter, however, was able to win over some soldiers who had joined the conspirators under a misunderstanding, and released the Ministers. The President, General Pilsudski, was soon in firm control once more, and his great popularity is said to have been heightened. What relation this conspiracy had to M. Paderewski's adventure in Poland we do not know. His programme is apparently not to depose General Pilsudski, but to induce him to take representatives of M. Dmowski's aristocratic party into his Ministry. The Polish Socialists (who are nationalists, not Bolsheviks) seem willing to co-operate with every "bourgeois" group except M. Dmowski's, which stands in its extreme Clericalism and its defence of the landlords at the far right of reaction. It is none the less still the only Polish party which the *Entente* will officially recognize.

* * *

IN Bohemia definite statements have been made by President Masaryk and certain of his Ministers refusing the claim of the German population to self-determination. Not only do they say this on their own account: they allege that the *Entente* has finally guaranteed them in the possession of the whole of the historic Bohemian State. What is at stake is, of course, not the future of the scattered German minority in Prague and other central districts, but that of the compact German popula-

tions living on the fringes of Bohemia and Moravia, which can with ease be detached. The historic claim is peculiarly weak. When the Tchechs want all Bohemia, they appeal to history. When they want Slovakia, which never did belong to the Bohemian Crown, they appeal to race. If the *Entente* has really sanctioned this wrong, the hope of racial peace in Central Europe has vanished. In the early days of the war, Dr. Seton-Watson and other enthusiasts for the Slavs, insisted strongly both on detaching these districts from Bohemia, and on permitting German Austria to join Germany. We hope that some plea for an objective settlement of the nationality question will come from the many scholars who did so much to promote the policy of dismembering Austria.

* * *

AN able article by a contributor in last Friday's "Times" works out the disproportion between the votes cast at the General Election and the balance of parties in Parliament. In the contested elections in Great Britain the Coalition, reckoning also the British Workers League and the unticketed Unionists, polled 5,556,040 votes, won 427 seats, and ought to have had only 291. The Opposition (including various independents) polled 4,130,095 votes, won 81 seats, and ought to have had 217. The article then goes on to allow for the non-contested seats, where he assumes the presence of an average minority of one-fourth. These, with the Universities, would bring the Coalition's total to 357, and the Opposition's to 244. In Ireland the Unionists obtained almost exactly their true representation, but Sinn Fein is much over-represented. Allowing for uncontested seats, the Unionists should have won 24 instead of 23, Nationalists 23 instead of 6, and Sinn Fein 57 instead of 73.

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CLEARLY, only the Unionists may congratulate themselves on the defeat of P.R. Labor, which was lukewarm and divided and allowed itself to be influenced by the opposition of the "New Statesman," has only half the membership to which it is entitled. It ought to have 113 seats, on the contested results, with a few more for the uncontested. Liberalism, also divided and much influenced by the opposition of the London Federation, would have carried in England alone 57 of the contested seats instead of 18. Finally, even Mr. Lloyd George, who said that he could not understand P.R., would have been freed from the embarrassing Tory phalanx, and need not have threatened us with a fresh election within a week of the declaration of the polls. The alternative vote would have made only an inappreciable improvement in the result. That obsolete expedient is not worth a regret. The moral for the future, amid the new confusion of groups and parties, is that the salvation of Parliament and the representative system itself depends on P.R.

* * *

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG's despatch of the last phase of the war is memorable for many reasons. One of the most conspicuous is that it attributes the heroic episode to the responsible actors—the men—and not to the commanders, much less to the politicians. The British infantry were held, a century ago, to be the finest in Europe, and the last despatch of their Commander makes one wonder whether the statement is not still as true to-day; for, as Sir Douglas says, "the British attack was the essential part of the general scheme," by means of which Marshal Foch intended to defeat the German armies. But we see in this report how little the full collapse of the German arms was expected to occur this winter. That it was brought about is due

almost entirely to the extraordinary recoil of the British armies. We read of battle after battle fought by an invariably weaker British force and a uniform capture of prisoners and guns, until "the enemy was capable neither of accepting nor of refusing battle. The utter confusion of his troops, the state of his railways, congested with abandoned trains, the capture of huge quantities of rolling stock and material, all showed that our attack had been decisive." At the time of the armistice the Germans had been driven from all their elaborately planned positions and were falling back, in some places at least, in a condition of great disorder.

* * *

THERE are episodes in the great battles covered by this dispatch which stand out from a struggle that was always on the heroic scale. Such was the capture of Bellenglise when the men of the 46th Division, wearing lifebelts and carrying mats and rafts, dropped "down the sheer sides of the canal (Scheldt Canal) wall, and having swum or waded to the far side," climbed up the wall to the German trenches on the bank, stormed these, and spread out right and left, fan-like, with the tactical instinct of old campaigners. Such again was the rupture of the Drocourt-Quéant switch line, which was only the first among many successful attempts to achieve what had before been found impossible with greater resources. There was also the night storming of the position of Mt. St. Quentin, which in 1916 was for so long the tactical key to the Somme situation. By the end of the first week of October, the British were fighting in open country, and looking towards Maubeuge, which was the objective of the campaign, as Mezières was of the American-French battles in the eastern sector of the line. If the Government has never recognised the worth and distinction of the Commander and his Staff, we at any rate realize that they had a great share in the victory over troops which were just as brave, but, in the end, were not nearly so well led.

* * *

THE Report of the Machinery of Government Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction—what a name!—is a suggestive rather than a conclusive, least of all an historical, document. It is often sound, so far as it goes, but its tendency is to evade the deeper problems of government involved in the character and structure of the second Coalition. It is good to have a definite finding in favor of a small but a sufficient Cabinet, which the Committee fix at ten to twelve members. But when it is asked to say whether this "new type of Cabinet" (why new?) should consist of the heads of the great administrative departments or of Ministers "without portfolio," or of Ministers of both kinds, it declines to answer the question, and pronounces firmly for a Secretary of the Cabinet. But it is a matter of the utmost importance, if Parliament is to retain any power of control, to restore the old connection between it and the administrative chiefs.

* * *

For the rest, the Committee makes a useful proposal in favor of a Department of "inquiry, research, and reflection" (especially of reflection), and considering the alternative of distributing business according to classes or persons and that of allocating it according to services, decides in favor of the latter. The former, it says, tends to Lilliputian administration. That is true; but the tendency of the latter system is certainly towards Laputan administration. Categories of Govern-

ment are apt to run into each other, as the report admits in the case of education and health. What is education but a mode of health, and health but a form of education? However, the report goes valiantly forward with its scheme of ten categories—Finance, national defence and external affairs (surely a strange amalgam of defence and policy), research and information, production, employment, supplies, education, health, and justice. One of its administrative reforms we view with some scepticism. It proposes to substitute for the financial control of the Treasury a system under which each spending department will control itself. The Treasury hand is a heavy one; but the self-control of the sinner is apt to be lacking at critical moments. Finally, we are glad to see the Committee speak with emphasis for the "reality" of Parliamentary control of the bureaucracy. That is essentially the problem of the new Parliament.

* * *

THE most disquieting accounts appear in the German Press of the doings of the French authorities in Alsace. They must be tested before acceptance, but we cannot ignore them. The policy is declared to be to purge it of all its German inhabitants—i.e., of all who cannot prove their descent from those resident in the provinces before 1870. In Metz these form three-fourths of the population. All "persons who have been in communication with the enemy," i.e., all who had acted as German citizens, are to be interned, according to a police proclamation. Others are expelled, and may only take light luggage with them. German businesses, says the "Tageblatt," are everywhere being destroyed. German money has been called in. Native Alsatians receive 1fr. 25c. for the mark, Germans only 60c. The most serious allegation is that the interned German Alsatians are being sent as forced labor gangs to work in Northern France or Belgium. Six thousand are said to have been taken for this purpose from Metz, and a thousand from Strasburg. The expelled inhabitants are beginning to gather in the neighboring German towns, whence they are sending vehement protests to the Swiss President and other neutrals. If these accounts are true, the French authorities, with no sanction from the Peace Conference, will complicate the "dis-annexation" with the maximum of bitterness.

* * *

THE following statement, from the pen of Mr. Nevins, appeared in the "Daily News" of December 27th.—

"The head of a children's hospital in Cologne told me that more children had been lost in the war than men on the field, and in the year 1933, he said, there would be no soldiers fit to fight. He took me to see his wards, and though I have seen many horrible things among mankind I have never seen anything more pitiful than those lines of babies fevered for want of food, wasted till their limbs were like little bits of stick, and staring about with ape-like and hopeless faces.

"The physician's last word to me was an entreaty to England to send out a million or two of india-rubber teats, because Germany has no rubber. A rubber teat which used to cost 1d. now costs from 4s. to 5s., and the babies cannot get up the milk by sucking the bone teats which have to serve as substitutes."

In response to this appeal the Women's International League have entered into a contract with a firm to supply 1,000,000 rubber teats, at a cost of £5,000 to £6,000. We entirely endorse this appeal, and hope that those of our readers who have the same feeling will send subscriptions to the offices of the League, 14, Bedford Row, W.C.1. The Foreign Office has, we are glad to learn, given leave for the teats to be sent, provided they go through the Red Cross.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CASE FOR HUMANITY.

AMERICA has again come to the rescue of British statesmanship. She has informed the Allies that she is in favor of a relaxation of the blockade of the Central Powers. She goes further. She suggests that the investment of Germany by land and sea should cease before the signature of the peace, now almost officially set back to the summer of the new year. Washington does not make this request on any express ground of humanity. She proffers it as a lesson in common-sense. If, says Washington, France and England want trade and indemnities, they must allow Germany to re-open the one and earn the other. And if they want to stay the tide of Bolshevism from reaching Paris and London, they must give Germany the wherewithal to stay it. This is not America's first warning. That was delivered through the mouth of Mr. Hoover. It reached this country in terms which mutilated and even reversed its sense. Mr. Hoover described the food situation of Germany in sober language, but he declared it to be serious, and asked for a modified blockade. He was made to say that there was nothing to worry about. The blockade went on. The German fisheries were impeded. The North Sea, the Rhine, the Baltic, the Black Sea were all invested. Exports were stopped at the Rhine bridgeheads. The steel industries of Solingen, the aniline and soda factories of Bavaria, the textiles of the East, were stinted of coal and raw materials. British correspondents looked into the shop-windows of the best streets in Mainz and Cologne, and found that all was well. Mr. Nevinson, of the "Daily News," then went into the back streets, and declared that all was ill. He described the emaciation of the women, the fearful death-rate among the children, the increase of deaths from tuberculosis, amounting in the Düsseldorf administration to nearly 100 per cent. He went into the hospitals and saw babies with "limbs like bits of stick," staring about with "ape-like and hopeless faces." He declared that children of three had no milk and younger babies no rubber teats, while their mothers' breasts were empty. We have no doubt that if Mr. Nevinson went to Austria, or Serbia, or Russia, he could see worse things than this. But there at least are the German babies, and we note with gratification that the "Daily Mail" has refrained from suggesting that their mothers have camouflaged them for the benefit of a deluded pacifist.

Now the British nation is a kind-hearted folk. It has much to be ashamed of in respect of the speech and conduct of its representative men. But deliberate heartlessness was never its characteristic fault. It has made war valiantly and successfully on German men, and delivered us and them from the worst Government in Europe. As an incident of that war, legitimate as war goes, it has brought about the semi-starvation of the Central Powers. But the war is over. Our truculent foe reappears as a mass of ill-fed men and women, and therefore of enfeebled, emaciated, dying children. Confronted with this spectacle our greatest associate in the struggle invites us to consider, not the call of humanity, but the economic situation. It is not a compliment. But England has the power of retort and of emulation. She is well fed. There are no British babies with bones sticking out of their skin. Our poorest tables are amply spread, our richest groan with plenty. Britain has only to open the German ports and as far as may be her own heart. If she does both, she will have

earned the approval of her conscience. But she will have done more. In gaining the gratitude of her foe, she will have solved one great problem of the peace. She will have made the League of Nations at least possible, given the new German Government a chance to live, and thereby unmade one of the most pressing perils of the hour.

Perhaps she will go a little further. Humanity is not only a sense of pity for helpless innocence. That is a primary instinct with civilized man. It is also the application of sympathetic reason to the problems of life. England now has the chance to look round, and think of the peace in other terms than hanging the Kaiser, crushing Germany with indemnities, and for ever banishing every German worker from her shores. For if she will reflect, she will perceive that these things, starting from the economic paralysis of the heart of industrial Europe, are blows struck not so much at the enemy as at herself. To begin with, they are the issue of horribly unclear thought. Why do we want to hang the Kaiser? Presumably because we thought he made the war. But if he made the war of his uncovenanted will, the German people are acquitted, and the policy of punitive indemnities falls to the ground. Reparation for war damage we may still exact, for here the general character of the campaign comes into account, and the unmerited suffering of the invaded and violated lands. But Germany's original sin has disappeared, and she becomes the Kaiser's victim, not his accomplice. Establish the hang-the-Kaiser theory, and you establish her comparative innocence. There is then no case for the anti-German vendetta. It is not an inevitable sequel of the war. America, with her millions of German settlers, has not instituted it, does not propose to institute it. Why should we with our hundreds? We assimilated the Huguenots, and made war with their old King and his successors for over a century after their settlement in the centre of industrial London.* Certainly we cannot harbor a nation of criminals. But was the Germany of 1870 criminal? The "Times" did not think so, nor did scores of thousands of Englishmen, including their Queen. Are the emaciated children of Cologne predestined to the damnation of their parents, and the children of their children, even to the third and fourth generation? Were even the parents criminal? Not if the Kaiser egged them on to war, lied about our diplomacy and his, forced them to fight, and ordered them to burn and devastate! Is there such a thing as a criminal nation? Criminals are knowing offenders. But no nation "knows" its own foreign policy, and after our election we have the capacity to measure the ignorance of Germany by comparing it to our own. And of the German settlers in this country, the greater number were our partisans, and gave sons to our Armies.

Well, but the Kaiser? There we must look a little higher, beyond the smoke of the war and the sombre and heated feeling of bereaved souls and indignant hearts. The Kaiser cannot be acquitted. Vain and restless, unprincipled and unstrung, he vacillated between one view of European relationships and another. In one typical instance—that of the Russo-French proposal for the "encirclement" of the England of the Boer War, he was our friend as the Tsar was our enemy. In a second crisis he changed sides; in a third he and the military gang, or the military gang in spite of him, cast the fatal lot, not against us alone, but against humanity. He failed. But if he had

* This point is admirably argued in Sir Ian Hamilton's racy tract "The Millennium?" (Edward Arnold.)

succeeded? There would then have been no indictment: there would have been one successful Attila, one fortunate Napoleon, the more. Then his crime was failure. But *whose* crime was it? Even in the absence of the full and final documents, and of the full and calm deliberation which must one day be held over them, we can still, with tolerable confidence, declare that at least two-thirds of the blame was Imperial Germany's. But the war revealed the falsity and corruption of the Government of the Tsar, and the equivocal ambitions of its military chiefs. No clean acquittal is their due. And of the working of the German military machine we also know enough, as we read it in the intrigues and audacities of Brest-Litovsk, to set its ruthless daring above an inconstant will like the Kaiser's. It was a system, a spirit, and a machine rather than a man that made the war.

Principalities and Powers, the evil of the world, and its lodgment in men's souls, and the resulting polity and military system, were our enemy in 1914. Have we destroyed or enfeebled it? Yes, if it is "all clear" on the Thames and the Seine, as well as on the Spree. But the three points of the "stunt" which won the Election are a complete obscuration. Shall we re-map the world in a passion, or as an act of deliberate exploitation? Shall we invite generals to try war? And jurists to invent law? And shall States kill other States' kings with whom they have been at war, and call it Justice? Justice indeed, we are called to execute. But it is the justice of mercy and tolerance. And its prizes? For us there will be two. The first will be a complete Anglo-American understanding and *rapprochement*. The second will be the rapid creation of a stable German Government, the consequent restoration of the German people to man's natural habit of order and industry, and the return of vitality to the dying body and distracted soul of Central Europe. Let those who have ever opened the history of Europe, and set their minds to what they found there, reflect what these two events mean.

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE LEAGUE.

In the early days of the war the pioneers who tried to work out schemes for a League of Nations conceived it as little more than an association to promote or enforce the peaceful settlements of disputes. We were never ourselves satisfied with that conception. Even on the assumption that the peace settlement had removed the issue of nationality as a cause of wars, there remained all the economic issues, formidable in the past and likely to be more formidable in the future. To our thinking the League which will stand the test of a sudden angry crisis of warlike passion, must prove itself, impose itself, and commend itself during the normal years of peace. The League which is forgotten in calm will be ignored in crisis. Whatever its form, we are sure of this, that it must work all the time, and so penetrate the daily life of peace, that it will be, year in, year out, the most pervasive and the most august thing in civilization.

Not thought alone, but the whole evolution of the war itself has reinforced the tendency to make much of the League. Nearly everyone would agree, for example, that it must take over the rationing of the world's raw materials, not merely because there is a shortage but even more because the deliberate diversion of these supplies, as a means of pressure, in the hands of national diplomacy, would make an end of freedom. Again, the Labor-Socialist plan of setting up a world-

wide charter against industrial sweating is likely to be generally accepted. Some plan for the international regulation of tropical Africa is equally inevitable. Disarmament involves some permanent check on such armaments as may be permitted. Add the development of communications, the regulation of air-transport, the codification of international law, and sundry other services to science and humanity, and already we are nearing something which rather resembles international government than a League for arbitration.

We had reached this stage long before the catastrophic end of the war. That confronts us with new problems. The war was allowed to go on until the whole habitable earth from the Rhine and the Alps to the Sea of Japan became fluid, amorphous, anarchic. In one degree or another all its atoms call for some attention from the outside world—here for food, there for protection, elsewhere for occupation, and in some areas for more or less permanent administration. In other words, the chief need of civilization is seen to be neither legislation nor arbitration, but prompt, disinterested, executive action. The association, be it Alliance, Concert, or League, which does this work will be the real international government. Thus we reach the conception on which Lord Grey especially has laid stress, that the League must preside over all such forms of international action, even when it assigns a given task to some Power as its mandatory.

That in some measure this must be done, most of us would agree, but the dangers are evident. A League which regarded intervention and "protection" as its chief function might readily become as meddlesome and as fatal to internal political freedom as the Holy Alliance itself. If the emergence of a Boulanger in France or a Liebknecht in Germany were always to be the signal for the League to act, then national liberty would be at an end. Again, when it is suggested that the League must name a Power to administer, as trustee or mandatory, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the German Colonies, we ask by what real tests this arrangement will differ from the barterings of the Secret Treaties? If it is found in fact that the "League" has simply ratified the bargain by which Britain "obtains" Mesopotamia, and France Syria, will anyone outside London and Paris admit the difference? If, in fact, neither America, nor any neutral nor a former enemy is ever trusted with the work of a "mandatory," is there much advance on a frank partition of the world by the victorious Allies? To be sure there may be pledges for the "open door," but if already all the railways of Syria have been allotted to French, and all the public works and concessions of Mesopotamia to British finance, will the phrase look impressive? How far is the "door" open in China after all German merchants and residents have been expelled, or in Africa after every German business has been "bombed"—wharves sold, warehouses taken over, and the "cancer cut out"? The "League" may theoretically control the work of the mandatories, and revoke their charter. It may do this, but will it in fact do this, on any provocation whatever, if the Clemenceau-Pichon policy prevails, with its basis of permanent alliances and division of the spoils among the victors?

The answer to the question whether such an organization could ever evolve into an Executive which would enjoy the confidence of the world, depends, in the first instance, on its composition. An Executive Council which is to act must be permanent and of moderate size, and it must obviously represent Governments. To begin with, it will start with the Allied Great Powers—America, Britain, France, Italy, and

Japan. If it ends there, we have damned the League. One cannot exclude the whole of the Germanic and Slavonic races from the government of the earth, and expect either inward content or outer peace. Nor can we expect either the old or the new States of less consequence to be satisfied with a purely passive and subject position in the world. Whether Germany is included or not, depends on how she is treated in the settlement. If she is to be a helot nation, grinding out indemnities under duress, if the right of residence is, as Mr. Lloyd George has promised, to be denied to Germans in this country, if German Austria is refused the right to unite herself with Germany, if millions of Germans are deliberately placed under Polish or Tchech rule, then it would be folly to talk of admitting Germany to the Council. She would enter it only to wreck it. If she is excluded, however, then Mr. Wilson has made it clear that America is excluded also.

The problem of representation for the remaining States is difficult, but not insoluble. If one admits them all, the Council would be unmanageably large. Some grouping is possible, *e.g.*, Scandinavia, Finland, and Holland might form a natural unit; Poland, Bohemia, and Great Serbia another; Latin America a third. The Great Powers might have two votes each, and the other units one. Representation by rotation from a panel would hardly be workable. How could Bulgaria, for example, when it came to her turn among the small States, pretend to represent Serbia? In the old days of the Concert, the Great Powers each had its tail of satellites. If we are going to revive that system with a smaller list of Powers, we shall not escape from group politics and the balance of power. In the new world the smaller States must be freed from dependence on patrons.

The graver question to our minds is rather how this Executive Council of the League is to be brought into any sort of relation to democracy. It is no answer to say that each Premier would be answerable to his own Parliament. We should find, on the contrary, that all the bigger questions of policy were withdrawn from the survey of Parliaments. That is so to-day, because we are told that loyalty to Allies forbids any frank disclosure. In the future we shall find that all the larger issues are shrouded from us by the secrecy of this Council. If, for example, the Council decided to occupy Moscow, we should never even know how our representative had voted. Even if a measure of publicity were achieved, the separate Parliaments of the world could no more control this Executive than the Town Councils of England, each sitting separately, could control the British Cabinet. We are more than ever of our old opinion that the League must without delay evolve a GENUINE PARLIAMENT to which the Executive will be responsible. The balance of power has broken down for ever through the eclipse of Russia, the dismemberment of Austria, and the weakening and isolation of Germany. An unchallengeable alliance of a few Powers is an even worse menace to freedom than a balance of power. The only way of escape is to resort to some ultimate authority which excludes the idea of power altogether. There is only one way of setting up a balance of opinion in place of a balance or conspiracy of power, and that is the way of democracy. The simplest plan would be to arrange that each national Parliament should, by proportional representation, elect a delegation to serve on the Parliament of the League. Any representation of Governments must result in the old power politics. Votes will be grouped by alliances and barter. By bribes or threats each Great Power would form its bodyguard of retainers.

The only way to break through that mechanism, is to go behind the Foreign Office to the nation. There is

a fairly solid Socialist or Labor Party in Europe, a much vaguer and less consciously united Liberal tendency, and a Conservative tendency, which is, of all three, the least capable of union unless it is Clerical. The future of the League really depends on setting up a mechanism which will give free play to this balance of opinion. We should prefer that some Englishmen, some Frenchmen, and some Germans should act together because they think alike against other mixed groups, rather than that the solid British, French, and Italian vote should be cast on the lines of alliance, steadily against the German vote, in obedience (say) to a bargain to partition Turkey. No international life is possible which works on the fiction that nations are solid and exclusive groups, with none but national interests, which can be reconciled only by barter. Mr. Wilson is laboring to bring us to a decision on world questions by reference to principle. If that is ever to be possible, then those who think by the light of common principles must be free to associate across frontiers, and in spite of Foreign Offices. The professional jealousy which all diplomatists feel towards all unprofessional opinion will doubtless defeat this suggestion. The result is easy to predict. Nations cannot be ignored, nor the growing fraternity among those of like opinions baffled. It will find its organ, but that organ, if the League is built without a Parliament, will be an international Soviet. Neither power nor class is the true basis for internationalism. We would try democracy.

EVER A FIGHTER.

No man of our time has accumulated fame by a greater variety of successful activities than Theodore Roosevelt. His aggregate of successes almost entitle him to a claim on greatness. In a land of opportunities he seized a larger number and exploited them more vigorously than other Americans. Writer, preacher, politician, soldier, naturalist, explorer, he threw his abounding energy into every task he undertook. In this he was a representative American. For America has always fought shy of close specialization. This is, in part perhaps, a legacy of the old colonial and the modern frontier life, intolerant of grooves and educative of adaptiveness. But there is something more than this in the American impatience of specialism. There is a craving for adventure among the "red bloods" as they have been called, which shuns the safety of a snug career and loves to "breast the blows of circumstances," and "grasp the skirts of happy chance." There is national as well as individual temperament in this, and Mr. Roosevelt's immense popularity was largely due to the possession of this temperament in an unusual degree. It carries with it a rather tiresome restlessness, an intolerance of low vitality, and a completeness of self-confidence apt to run against the amenities of social life. But it interests and stimulates curiosity, and there is a stronger pressure of curiosity to the square foot in America than in any other country. It is much to have the limelight of the Press upon you for a generation, continually watchful to know how you will "break out next." For Roosevelt came to be regarded, not, like famous persons in our European countries, as time-honored institutions, but rather as a great national force.

And yet his was not a complex personality, nor possessing any unusual quality for good or evil. He was simply the "good American," raised to its highest power. The fact that he was explosive and sometimes a little baffling in his turns as politician does not detract from the inherent simplicity of his nature. Mr. Henry James would never have regarded him as a favorable subject for his nice psychological portraiture. This essential sim-

plicity is, of course, consistent with the plaiting of social strands to make the texture of his character. The more prominent of these strands are those of preacher, rough-rider, and boss. His immensity of preachment may, perhaps, be traced to the traditional Puritanism of America which even still contends with strange wildnesses of blood and manners over large sections of American society.

To this same source may, perhaps, be traced his Old Testament zeal for punishing his enemies and for regarding those whose views were different from his as wicked men. But from a source more primitive than Puritanism, or any other ethic, was derived that fighting fury which he threw into every section of his strenuous life. He was a born fighter, and the cloak of righteousness was for him a shield and buckler. Reared in New York, and not deeply affected by his years at Harvard, he escaped the debilitation of Bostonian culture, and, though a considerable writer in the field of American history, he would always have despised the reputation of a bookish man. Yet, for one who stood for "deeds not words," the lavish outpouring of his pen and tongue in endless flow on an infinite variety of topics will seem an inconsistency to those who do not realize the part talk plays in the great Republic of the West. There is no real place in America for strong, silent men, except in that business world which Mr. Roosevelt, to his credit, utterly eschewed. Every institution, every kind of "gathering," is an occasion for a type of oratory which seeks to serve up zealotry with a garnishment of humor. As everybody knows, America swarms with nations, causes, creeds, and credulities—religious, political, economic, social—and with organizations for booming them. In a country where "Church Advertising" is a recognized art and Congresses are held in which experts explain and compare their methods of "boosting" religion, it is impossible for any public man not to be an "orator." Mr. Roosevelt's oratory makes intolerable reading, and it is difficult for us to understand how even his admittedly "magnetic personality" could carry multitudes through such an ordeal of platitudinarian preaching.

We spoke of Mr. Roosevelt's personality as a simple not a complex one. But even this simplicity has a cunning of its own and a challenge for the understanding. His career seems to present a man of unusually powerful instincts and emotions, entirely wholesome within the narrow aims of social conduct in which, during long æons of pre-human and early human life this equipment of feeling has been evolved, insisting upon applying this rich personal equipment to the solution of the wider complicated problems of modern statecraft, industry, and ethics, unaccompanied by any body of intellectual or moral principles, the fruit of human experience in approaching the swift transformations of modern society. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt seemed to himself, and to many of his countrymen, suffering from a similar defect, "a man of principles." And so he was. But our point is that those principles which Puritanism had evolved for the primitive grouping and conduct of small local communities, and into which it poured its intensity of feeling, contain elements which disable and disqualify the holders for handling the wider human issues of our age.

Nowhere is this truth better illustrated than in the career of Mr. Roosevelt. Admirable in his family and close personal relations, his entrance into public life as a cleaner-up of local politics, this fearless enemy of grafters, the router-out of police corruptions in New York, the apostle of "the square deal" for working-men, his Puritan principles and combativeness did excellent

service in the cause of "righteousness." But for this successful working a personal devil was necessary. Before the vices of "a system" either in politics or business his principles would not function. This was humorously illustrated in his helplessness before the problem of the oppressive power of trusts and combinations. The distinctively impersonal character of this coil baffled him, and he sought to lay down a childish distinction between good trusts and bad trusts in the hope that in the last resort he might resolve his problem into the wickedness of certain business men whom he could stone for their sins.

His temper as occupant of the White House was that of patriarch rather than of President. He felt no need to take advice from others. As "good buffalo" he possessed a "dæmon" which told him to go "right ahead" in presence of his instinctive sense of right. Neither laws nor proprieties stood in his way when a case for imposing righteousness arose. And righteousness, in all cases outside the narrower province of purely personal relations, had a way of conforming readily to patriotic utility. The secret fomentation of an insurrection in Columbia, in order to set up a State of Panama which he should straightway recognize as qualified to convey to America the zone of land required for the making of the Canal, caused Mr. Roosevelt not a qualm. He defended it on pure grounds of urgent public interest. The Columbian Government was corrupt and obstructive to the interests of the United States, and must be coerced into submission. International law could mean nothing to such a temper. Indeed, for the last twenty years, in power or out of power, he has gone about the world preaching the rights of the strong as imposing upon them the obligation to execute their notions of justice upon the weak.

The expansive zeal of this moral mission, overriding all considerations of freedom or self-determination, bred in America, under his tuition, a spirit of Imperialism even more dangerous to the order and liberty of the world than any of the more blatant brands prevalent in Europe. Finding its earlier scope in the coercion of the Mid and South American States by a rigorous exploitation of the Monroe Doctrine, it leapt with holy glee across the seas for the liberation of Cuba and the Philippines with the incidental, though by no means accidental, creation of a big navy for "policing" those waters. Had Mr. Roosevelt lived, it is not difficult to realize how his conception of the moral mission of his country would have worked. Such a temper could, of course, no longer have consumed its heat within the isolation of a merely American policy. The policeman's beat must be enlarged to the wide world. But there must still remain strenuous work for such a policeman. A world really "lapt in universal law," a completed "federation of the world," in which force is no longer needed to inflict righteousness, would never do. Here is one root of his famous hostility to a complete and equal League of Nations on Mr. Wilson's pattern. This hostility was doubtless fed by the personal animosity against the man who usurped his place in the eyes of the world, and whose qualities of studious equity and moderation were particularly offensive to the creature of instinct. The only League which Mr. Roosevelt could support would concern itself not at all with the important tasks of peaceful and fruitful co-operation of mankind and the cultivation of a spirit of humanity, but with keeping a watchful eye and a heavy hand upon perverse and backward nations who were always to be consciously regarded as actual or potential enemies. A world at peace, securely and permanently, would be intolerable to such a temper.

and any serious endeavor to achieve it must at all hazards be averted. For what would then become of your big stick and your lust for imposing your will under the pseudonym of righteousness upon other people?

There is some humor and some tragedy in the huge watchfulness of this rich natural force, which, harnessed to clear principles of social progress, might have helped to draw America out of the rut of Puritan individualism in which her thought and institutions still keep her bound. The humor is illustrated in the award to Mr. Roosevelt of the Nobel Peace Prize for his labors in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth. When you cannot take a personal hand in the fighting, there is some satisfaction in forcing others to stop fighting. It was enough that Mr. Roosevelt's intervention was recognized to be a high-handed act. But that he should receive the reward of the Peace-Maker was a grim commentary upon such a life

THE FATE OF THE NATIONAL FACTORIES.

AFTER the experiences of the last few weeks, it is no longer possible to believe that the demobilization policy of the Government is guided by any general plan. Every sign shows that each step is being taken under pressure, and each measure improvised on the spur of the moment. Faced with contrary views among themselves and among their advisers, the responsible Ministers were apparently content to let matters drift, each in the uncertain hope of getting his own way when the moment for action arrived. Of course, the reasons for this policy of drift go deep, and are not confined to the purely industrial aspects of demobilization. Until we know what sort of peace we intend to make with the Central Powers, and until we have defined our attitude towards Russia we can tell neither how many men we want to keep mobilized nor what must be the future of our munition factories. The settlement of our future international policy must necessarily condition to a great extent our immediate industrial future.

While this is true of the general question of demobilization, it is possible to say, with the greatest conviction, that there are certain things which the Government, whatever its conception of future policy may be, is doing wrongly. Not least among these absolute muddles and mistakes is the Government's policy in relation to the National Factories. During the war, a very large number of new factories have been built at the public expense, often at very great cost, for the production of munitions of war. The actual equipment of these factories, as well as the conditions under which they have been built, vary widely from case to case. A good many are shell factories or filling factories, with an equipment which it would not be easy to transform to the uses of peace. But there are also many factories, equipped with the most modern types of machinery, which can easily pass over from the production of war munitions to commercial work that is urgently required. Some of these factories, especially those in which aircraft work has been carried on, are national assets of the greatest possible importance.

What is the Government's policy in dealing with these factories? Until the present week, there has been no official information at all upon the subject; and even now, we are not allowed any clear intimation of the Government's intentions. What we have been told amounts to this. It is not the intention of the Government to compete with private firms in the manufacture

of commercial products. It has not yet been decided whether Gretna or Woolwich Arsenal is to be the future chief centre of Government munitions production. Certain of the National Factories, but not those of the first importance, have been offered for sale by public advertisement. Good machinery from some of the factories is being transferred to Woolwich Arsenal, and perhaps also to Gretna. And, lastly, large numbers of workers, even in the most important and best equipped factories, have been served with notices of dismissal.

To this we can add some unofficial information. It has been stated in the "Times," and it is generally known, that some of the best of the National Factories are being sold to private firms at prices and under conditions which have not so far been disclosed. And it is stated on good authority in Trade Union circles that orders are being placed to-day with private firms for articles which the National Factories are perfectly capable of producing, which they have actually been producing up to the last few weeks, and which they were stopped from producing before some of the contracts were given to private firms.

Clearly, this is a situation in which the public has a right to demand full and immediate publicity. Where factories are being sold to private firms by methods other than those of public advertisement, what are the terms and conditions of sale, and what are the equipment and productive possibilities of the establishments which are passing out of the nation's hands? It is freely stated that some of these factories were promised to private firms at low figures when they were first built. Indeed, the method of sale has been curtly described in some quarters as that of a "knock-out." It may not be so; but we have a right to know the terms and conditions, and to know at once, in order that, if any underhand work is going on, it may be put a stop to before it is too late.

We do not suggest that all the National Factories can usefully be retained by the Government for engineering work on a permanent basis; but we do suggest that the factories which the Government most certainly ought to retain are those which private firms will be most anxious to buy. Take, for example, the national aircraft factories. Notices of dismissal on a large scale have already been handed to skilled workers even in some of the best equipped of these factories, and, at the same time, aircraft orders of a class which these factories could execute admirably are still being given to private firms. This certainly looks like a prelude to the dismantling or sale of these important national assets.

The aircraft factories are of especial importance for two reasons. In the first place, it would be a disaster if private firms were to obtain a permanent interest in the building of aircraft for war purposes. That would involve the repetition in a fresh sphere of the blunders which allowed the construction of warships to be controlled by a gigantic international vested interest with an obvious pecuniary motive for maximising naval construction all over the world. The construction of aircraft for war purposes, as long as such craft continue to be made, is a clear case for a Government monopoly, and this in itself is a sufficient reason for the complete retention of the National Aircraft Factories.

There is a second reason of hardly less importance. The Report of the Government Committee on Civil Aerial Transport goes far enough to show that there is a great, and even an immediate, future for aerial transport of passengers and a great, if not a very immediate, future for goods transport by air. Moreover, to those who read between the lines of that Report, it is perfectly plain that there are important vested interests which are

fully alive to the possibilities which this presents. The creation of a vast new vested interest, if not of a vast private monopoly, is just as pressing a danger in the case of air transport as in that of electricity supply.

At the present stage at least, it is not desirable to suggest a State monopoly of all aerial construction work. It is not desirable, because the bureaucratic administration of a Government department might well hamper the rapid development of an industry which is still in its infancy and in a condition of constant evolution admitting of no standardised methods. The Americans have learnt to their cost the danger of a premature application of the methods of standardization to the aircraft industry, whereas our own methods have shown the overwhelming advantages of a dispersed initiative at the present stage. This does not preclude the possibility of public management in the future; but the management most likely to cope with a problem requiring constant adaptation would be, not a Government department, but a Guild; and the time for an Aircraft Guild is not yet.

A State monopoly is impossible and undesirable; but the presence of the State as one producer among others is greatly to be desired. The retention by the State of the National Aircraft Factories, and their use for commercial as well as for war construction, would be the best available safeguard against the creation of a huge monopolistic vested interest. Yet the indications seem to be that the Government intends to abandon its present rôle as a producer of aircraft, and even, by the sale of the National Factories to the huge private firms which form the engineering ring, to facilitate as far as it possibly can the creation of a new and exceedingly dangerous monopoly.

The Aircraft Factories are not, of course, the only National Factories in question; but the care of aircraft has been treated at length because the arguments in favor of retention by the State are there clearest and most overwhelming. There are, however, in addition many other factories which could readily be adapted to types of production which the State ought to undertake. Metal girders and fittings for constructional work in connection with building and housing schemes, much woodwork for housing, necessary agricultural machinery, food producing machinery, marine engines, and many other classes of products offer useful opportunities, not for State monopoly, but for beneficial public competition with private firms. Some of the National Factories would require very little adaptation for these classes of work, and many would require no more than the vast majority of private firms.

Moreover, there is the question of employment to be considered. The retention of as many as possible of the National Factories will reduce the dislocation of industry and also provide the Government with a useful means of regulating the flow of employment, both now and in the future. To discharge workers wholesale from these factories, and then to keep them on an allowance while they are unemployed, is false national economy, and every instinct of prudence in our rulers ought to forbid it, whether the motive be the maintenance of industrial prosperity or the avoidance of social disorder. It has been announced that the Labor Party and the Trade Unions have taken this matter up, and that a deputation is being sent to the Government departments concerned. It is to be hoped that the Labor Party will succeed in extracting from the Government a full and satisfactory statement of its policy, and that in future the actions of the Ministry of Munitions and the other departments responsible for dealing with this question will be taken

in the full light of publicity. At present, vitally important questions of policy are being settled without opportunity for public knowledge or detailed criticism. The full facts, both as to what has been done already and as to the future policy of the Government, should be publicly stated without delay.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

EVERYONE who has known the Army during the last four years has seen the demobilization trouble coming. The war went on too long; the passion for release grew and grew, until it was like an intolerable thirst. Then, when the sudden end came, the Government, as usual, was not ready. I am much mistaken if the War Office were altogether to blame. The frivolous "stunt" of the election interrupted their plans. But the trouble was not merely one of delay. What was the "contract" system? It was, in effect, an offer to the men home on leave to allow demobilization if they could get a promise of employment. This threw out of gear the general plan for the prior release of pivotal men. It was an invitation to a scramble. But what was wanted was a policy of demobilization, not a bribe, based on the accident of leave. The unfairness to the men in France was obvious, and the scheme broke down in practice. The "contract" proved a lure of Tantalus.

BUT the main trouble is one of policy. The War Office cannot be expected to construct a scheme of demobilization till Mr. George has arranged his ideas on the peace. How many divisions are to be retained? What is to be the basis of the peace army? That depends on its duties. The British soldier does not think with the "Morning Post." He was contracted for a war against Prussianism, not to smash a social revolution based on land nationalization and Soviets. He might like a little land himself. Anyhow, after four years of Hell in a foreign land, he wants home and some rest. But he cannot have them if Russia is to be crushed or Germany squeezed "like a lemon." There was the disgrace of the election. Mr. George wanted power. So he devised a means of getting the civilian vote. The civilian, knowing nothing of the matter, voted to make the soldier pay. And the soldier is only beginning to find it out.

MEANWHILE, I think there are at least the beginnings of a change of tone, if not of policy. If the author of the "five points" has any disposition concerning them, it is to sink them in the deepest grave he can find. What is their value? So far as foreign policy goes, they are a sentence of long exile to the Army, and a message of impoverishment for our trade, whose decline will follow the economic enfeeblement of Central Europe as surely as the night and day. But since they were given out the European situation has utterly changed. We know now the extreme seriousness of the German situation. We see that the dilly-dally of Versailles and the extravagance of French and Italian Nationalism may ruin everything. No matter. The crowd has been pleased, and now the show is over and the

puppets can be put into their box again. What of Parliament and home politics? It seems that his Tory majority does not please Mr. George. Who knows? It might vote Tory, and stain the white flower of his devotion to the democratic cause. So having used Toryism to smash Liberalism, he finds Toryism too strong, and wishes it were weaker. I suppose we must interpret these misgivings as the voice of Mr. George's better angel, who usually, however, arrives somewhat late on the scene of its various missions of repentance and hope. For what is he to do? He cannot hold the democracy, cannot keep the Army in order, on his present principles or with his existing associates. Vain to hint at a second election. A Prime Minister cannot dissolve Parliament when he pleases. And equally vain to seek to use his "tied" Liberals as a kind of policy of re-insurance against the Tory mass. They are not free any more than he is free. They were elected by Tory as well as by Liberal votes, and cannot be treated as a force in Opposition when they were expressly combined with the Tories in the Ministerial phalanx. No; Mr. George cannot sell his soul and have his soul. He will have to govern as he can, and not as he wills.

THE alarm about Ireland is general and is well-founded. Clearly there is no ground of settlement with Sein Fein. Its policy is too extreme, and the Government in its folly has eliminated every mediatory element. But there is a palliative. That is the release of the political prisoners. They include the pick of the intellectual and therefore the truly responsible leaders of the movement. They also represent the only force able, and I think I may add willing, to temper its extreme fanaticism. Its mood is wild and fearless, and the more dangerous for its exalted and devotional sincerity. And the Government of Ireland, so far as Lord French controls it, is in utterly skill-less hands. Lord French's appointment was in itself an almost wild impropriety. But there are men in authority who have never ceased to plead and wrestle for the all but lost cause of a free and ultimately reconciled Ireland. They can now speak with full knowledge of the serious American situation, and its strong drift of sympathy with Irish Nationalism, and urge it as a reason for a totally new departure. Are they to be heard?

I AM not surprised at Mr. Adamson's election as Chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party, for the miners are a strong body, and when they want a thing they usually get it. But I find it hard to connect it with the further resolution that Labor regards itself as the official Opposition. Mr. Adamson is an admirable type of the trade union official, an honest and sturdy man. Nevertheless his choice is heartbreaking. It shows that the Parliamentary Party has not begun to understand what the country requires of it. The choice of Mr. Thomas or Mr. Clynes would both have been adequate to its need. That of Mr. Adamson is simply irrelevant. I heard him at one of the great Albert Hall demonstrations; he spoke well enough, but in five minutes he had lost the meeting. In the House he will debate wages and houses questions, and Heaven knows they are important enough. But he will disappoint the thousands who hoped to see the Labor Party advance from wages and hours' politics to a broad conception of statesmanship. Personally I should expect more from the single arm of Mr. Hogge.

I SUPPOSE it is a belittling of Mr. Roosevelt to describe him as a *charmeur*, but this, for all his rough-

ness of expression, he was. He fascinated all sorts of men, intellectuals among others. Whatever he did, his friends went back to him at the end with undiminished faith, or at least with unsatisfied delight. Lord Grey and Lord Morley were equally attracted. Lord Morley compared him with Niagara, and Lord Grey, seeing him disport himself in the New Forest, thought him a wonderful man on birds. Had he the real force and power of observation which these criticisms suggested? I doubt it, and I should have liked a correcting judgment, such as Matthew Arnold can now supply from his seat in the Shades. The truth was that Roosevelt was personally irresistible. His high spirits carried men away. Yet his writing, his thinking, and the springs of his splendid exuberance, were without depth or radiance, while in politics he was a magnificent bull in a china shop. This is, I suppose, our modern mass leader. Clemenceau and George are of the type, though not Wilson or Masaryk; the more refined intelligences play the part of executive direction from behind the scenes.

I DID not expect to live to see the walls of Burlington House covered with pictures like those of the Canadian War Exhibition. Shall I presently hear George Robey declaiming Jeremiah and find the D—I taking tea with the A—p of C—y? I should not be surprised. The crowd in the galleries, indeed, soon discovered that they had not been invited to an academic entertainment. They gazed on the pictures, as I did, as something unspeakable and unrealisable. "What for?" was the title of one of them. It showed a tall man in his shirt sleeves, leaning on a shovel, before a group of graves and crosses. Before him is a cart, piled with legs (no faces) and a heap of crumpled clothing. Many of the great battles have been painted on the largest scale, sometimes melodramatically, generally with no attempt at beautification, and generally too without the deliberate and detailed repulsiveness of Wiertz. But the original effect of horror, which the soldier-artist had stamped on his own brain, is quite clearly conveyed to the mind of the spectator in Piccadilly. There will be much controversy on Mr. John's immense cartoon of a scene of war before Lens. It is true to say, as Mr. Konody says, that it possesses a certain classic rhythm of pose and arrangement. The meeting currents of motion, the progress to the front and the return from it, the stream of refugees, the play of emotion—serious or coarse or trivial—on the soldiers' faces, the intense significance of the accessories, the general suggestion of suffering, of violent but futile action—are all remarkable. Nor is the statuesque idea wanting, the impression of arrested and frozen motion. But how cruel in detail and conception! This, then, is our Panathenaic procession, this dreadful disarray we moderns must set against that vision of calm and ordered movement.

AN Irish reader writes me:—

"'Wayfarer' having referred in his notes to the Irish Press Censor's suppression of a reference to the arrival of Padraic Pearse in the other world, perhaps you might care to place on record the exact text of the proscribed passage. It was the last paragraph of the first chapter of 'The Glamour of Dublin,' by D. L. Kay (Talbot Press, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net), a recently published volume of fantastic impressions:—

"'So, speed thee, daring fellow! Speed thee well! 'A friend?' 'Pass, friend.' The answer given at seraphic gates wherever, east of the moon, the jasper hinges turn.'"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE EQUIVOCATION OF DEMOCRACY.

FEW honest men would now hesitate to admit that it is all Lombard Street to a China orange that the Great War will end very much as the little wars have ended. The victors will take everything they can lay hands on, and do their best to arrange that the vanquished shall not be able to take back what has been taken from them. The only reason which will appeal to our Jingoese why we shall not ship as large a portion as possible of the able-bodied population of Germany and set it to work in irons for our advantage is that they have learnt that slave labor in this form is uneconomical. Of course, we say that our moral sense is revolted by such a plan. But, in fact, the reason is that our much more highly developed sense of economy in industrial method warns us that the plan would be wasteful. It is likely that if the old practice of actually enslaving the conquered people were carried into practice, the moral sense of the majority of us would eventually be disturbed. We might quickly grow tired, nauseated even, by the monotonous procession of Germans in irons on their way to menial occupations; even more quickly we should be exasperated by the slovenly way in which their work would inevitably be performed. Then there would be the wearisome protests of the indigenous Scavengers' Union, perhaps a riot or two. Altogether the system would appear out of date.

But it is not morally, but merely mechanically, obsolete. The moral intention of the Entente towards Germany appears to be exactly the same as the moral intention of the Romans to the Gauls. Indeed, this is something of a slight upon the Romans. For though it may be urged that we intend to impose a sort of *pax Romana* upon the world, we have no intention of throwing open the advantages and prestige of Entente citizenship to our victims. Quite the contrary; the modern Roman beard must not even be shaved by a barbarian hand. And as for bestowing the benefits of a higher civilization upon the conquered Hun, we are more likely to prove conclusively to him that we have none to bestow. Nevertheless, one is still inclined to look for the points of difference between the probable issue of this war and the known issue of wars in the past. It has been a bigger war; it will probably have bigger results. But size is an uninteresting kind of variation, to which, if the spirit is not actually insensible, it does not care to respond. Forty miles of calico is not really a more worthy object of enthusiasm than half a yard; and if the calico happens to be infamously printed—*occidit miseros*. It is the variations of quality that matter.

There is, however, one point of difference upon which, as we believe, the future historian will insist with a certain element of wonder. We are all agreed that the war has ended in the triumph of democracy. Democracy has vanquished the enemy both from within and from without. Democracy has won a victory even more sweeping than that of Mr. George's Coalition. It is as though the voters for the Labor Party, the Independent Liberals, and Sinn Fein had all insisted upon giving their votes to Mr. George's double. The war was to be many things; it was to vindicate the rights of nationalities, to end war and to carry democracy to triumph. One of them it has indubitably performed. And this victory of democracy has peculiarities which provoke inquiry. Those who were democrats in the countries which were democracies and have won have begun to be depressed by it, while those who were democrats in the countries which were not democracies and have lost have taken heart anew. One might almost suspect that the defeated Germans were rubbing their hands at the thought that they were to be compulsorily disarmed, and that the victorious Englishmen were dejected at the thought that they will undoubtedly be compulsorily armed.

But these are minor obsessions. Something more curious and fundamental lies beneath these disconcerting psychological effects of the victory of democracy. Their explanation is indeed simple; but simple explanations are

not the most easy to apprehend; above all when, as in this case, they are based on the discovery of the equivocation in a word which has become, like "civilization," a shibboleth. The blind, but steady force, of conservative adjusted instinct acts the janissary to the tyranny of the word. It is become a sort of blasphemy to challenge the authority of the word "democracy." Yet it must be challenged, as the conception of "civilization" must be challenged. And this task of examining the traditional embodiments of their own ideals is a task peculiarly appropriate to the present, when the men of goodwill are condemned to wander in the wilderness. Since a period of hermitage has been thrust upon them, they had best employ it in making their faith stronger, by assuring themselves that it is pure.

The democracy which has been victorious in the war is a system of government. A system of government is always, in itself, indifferent; it is a means to an end, and it has its worth according as it more or less powerfully contributes to the attainment of that end, which is the maximum of happiness for each individual in the society governed. In a society in which conceptions of happiness profoundly differ from man to man, or from class to class, the democratic system of government, which imposes the average conception of happiness of the majority of its members upon the minority, is inevitably bound to become for the minority a tyranny. In ordinary times, which are times of peace, conceptions of happiness within a society do not generally differ profoundly. All men are at one in regarding a life which affords them the maximum of opportunity for the satisfactions in which they delight as the happiest life; and since there is no actual society in which any but an insignificant minority has the opportunity of finding a real satisfaction in his daily labor, there is a general consensus of opinion that the life of happiness is the life which affords the maximum of leisure. Although the question how the leisure will be employed is, in the last resort, vital, it is not urgent. Once the leisure has been secured, it is felt (and rightly felt) that the problem of the satisfactions with which it is to be filled will solve itself.

But in the stress of war this condition changes. The emphasis is violently shifted from the general agreement in pursuit of leisure to the profound diversity of the satisfactions for which it gives occasion. When every man's leisure and freedom is curtailed instead of being extended, those suffer most who have employed their freedom to the most valuable ends. And these are they who have used it to make themselves citizens of an ideal society wherein they hold converse with men of the past and future and seek to attune themselves to harmonies of thought and imagination. They have lived in the city of the soul. By their imagination they have created for themselves obligations and rights which lie clean outside the scope of the society to whose Government they pay their taxes, and if need be their lives. In other words they have employed the opportunities of democratic society to transcend it. Whether in art, or science, or religion they have learned the common language of mankind; by so doing they have accepted as a truth beyond challenge that the world is peopled by men of like passions with themselves, towards whom they have obligations no less than those which they have (and recognize that they have) towards their own countrymen.

In peace the national and supernational obligations co-exist in such a manner that but few are aware of the conflict which is latent in them. The common pursuit of leisure and the common reverence for the traditional genius of the race suffice to unite the citizens of democracy in a bond which is felt, but is not felt to be irksome. The ideal citizen is able to interpret the actual commonwealth in a way which permits him to lavish his ideal loyalty upon it, and indeed after a little while he is scarcely able to distinguish between the actual democracy and the ideal commonwealth of both of which he is a member. Actual democracy seems to him removed by only one small phase of historic evolution from the democratic ideal. He has only to live a few years longer to see his heaven on earth; the House of Commons smoothly transformed into the parliament of man, and the British

Empire into the confederation of the world. When he finds in the stress of war that the democratic ideal does not flourish exceedingly, but rather seems to be stunted and withered, he is inclined to ascribe the cause to some deliberate corruption of democracy. He finds that his conception of a happiness which is impossible if purchased by the infliction of suffering upon a defeated enemy totally at variance with the conception entertained by the majority of his countrymen. Thus he will attempt to distinguish between democracy and demagoguery, and declare that owing to some malignant intervention which he is unable to define, some vague contagion in the atmosphere of war, his expectation of universal brotherhood has been frustrated.

But the truth is that there was never any warrant for his expectation. It was based on a vision of democracy as an *ideal democracy*, whereas in fact there is no necessary connection at all between the two things. Demagoguery is not really corrupt democracy; it is merely democracy. When the demagogue happens to be also a citizen of the ideal society, as President Wilson is, and as Abraham Lincoln and William Ewart Gladstone were, the citizens of the actual democracy catch a glimmer of the ideal loyalties of their leader; when he happens to be a man who moves wholly on the plane of the actual, they, too, become *terra filii*. So, also, democracy is not international; it may be, one day, when a majority of the citizens of the actual are also citizens of the ideal democracy. That is a possibility which we may hope for and work for, but one which we cannot expect as a right. And, though we may be determined to work for it, our work will lack direction and resolution unless we keep our eyes wide open to the fact that the peace will probably be such that it will delay the possibility beyond our life-time. Not only we, but President Wilson himself, is learning the bitter lesson that a victory of democracy and a victory of the democratic ideal are different things.

IS THERE ALTRUISM?

THE fount of Robin's forbearance is frozen up by the unkind touch of winter. He chases from the food-table the chaffinch whose nest on the beech-spray overhung his in the mossy bank, the hedge-sparrow with whom he foraged in summer, the tits that shook down grubs for him, and even, or perhaps most of all, the wife of his bosom of last year, and the destined bride of next April. We cannot doubt that the mainspring of his hostility is hoarding and hampering of a most reprehensible kind. In the midst of a waste, he sees food, and however much it may be, he will keep it for himself. Other feeders are natural enemies, and must be kept off at the expense of enormous exertions, for one will always cut in at the rear while he is charging another away at the front. Such exercise whets the appetite of attacker and defender alike. Perhaps it stirs up the optimism of Robin, for in the end he seems to grow less apprehensive of the future, more complaisant to the hunger of the mob. Having established the rights of the superman, he retires to a less carnal field and allows the others to have a short guzzle.

We commonly ride two horses, the human cult of submission to others and belief in Nature with a capital N. If Nature seems cruel, selfish, or in any other way immoral, we like to think that we are short-sighted and that if we could see all, we should know that she and we were following the same universal law. Sometimes we are aware that altruism is selfishness in excelsis, and selfishness the truest servant of altruism. But we drive ourselves back from that conclusion. It savors of paradox and therefore of wickedness. It would lead us to the inextricable thought that wickedness is supreme goodness. Let us rather go back into the snow and watch the birds again.

The crow, that has not the saintly reputation of the robin, keeps his wife by his side all the winter, and they forage together. We heard a magpie in the wood calling out that he had found something, and not merely

one other magpie but half-a-dozen hurried to the feast. It may have been a strictly family party, but even then it would be better than the case of many birds that chase their young from the parental beat as soon as they are able to fly. When the tits go a-hunting, not only those of the nest are in the band, but blue-tits and cole-tits join up with the great tits, and with them are commonly seen the nut-hatch, the tree-creeper, and the lesser spotted wood-pecker. The cry of any one of them fetches all the others, and whether they come as parasites or "genossen," they feed unmolested at the store that the lucky pioneer has found. It is not, however, a spread store like that which the robin tries to keep for himself. There are tree-lice cocooned in cracks of the bark, winter-moths' eggs waiting for the April sun, pupae of codlin moth or of some of the numerous carpet moths so destructive to foliage. The finder-in-gross has but opened a new mining-field. Individual pockets belong to the individual diggers that unearth them. Still, there are prospectors not of the tit family that would keep whole trees to themselves if they promised especially easy and profitable hunting.

The conglomerate tribe that follows the tits arrive with some variety of instrument for dealing with various problems. The creeper can advance up the bare trunk and its long curved beak can reach deeper crevices than the others; the wood-pecker has a chisel that can hack out a wood-boring caterpillar, the nut-hatch can crack a nut. The blue tit and the cole-tit are entirely at sea in either of these operations, but the great tit has considerable pretensions in the trades of the nut-hatch and wood-pecker. He can hammer a hole through the hard cocoon of the sawfly, certainly cracks for himself the stones of the yew, and has lately been trying his skill on some filberts we have put out for the squirrels. It would not be surprising, then, if the great tit should show a disposition to drive off those two rivals in his particular parian line. We have not seen that he is disposed to do so. The same generosity that allows the other little fellows to catch up the scraps that he flings from his feast at the cocoa-nut seems to be accorded to the strong-beaked members of a foreign tribe that come to the tit call of good hunting found. It is the blue tit that tries to straddle this mountain of food with its small body and threatens all comers with its weak beak wide open. There are mysteries of the blue-tit's life to be unravelled. We are going to find out one day, for example, why he is blue and whether his comparative rarity is attributable to his superiority of soul or to his inferiority of intellect.

We seldom see altruism go beyond the family, in Nature. In defence of his mate or offspring, the animal's courage rises to enormous heights, though seldom to the complete recklessness displayed by the bee in defence of interests that are of citizenship rather than sisterhood. As shy a bird as the red-backed shrike will stand by his nest and growl at a man till he is within a yard of it. The little soft-billed hedge-sparrow will fly in the face that is admiring her sky-blue eggs. The tit will bite the finger that is groping down the hole where she mothers her brood. So, by the way, did the tit just now that we caught in the porch, but that was because it was held in the hand and had no other means of showing itself game. The free bird takes big risks in defence of its young, but it usually keeps its head just enough not to throw its life uselessly away. If it closed incontinently with its enemy and perished, some of us would laud that act as highest virtue. Thereafter the brood would perish also. We should weep for them but not blame the parent for her share in their fate. The audacity of a pair of blackbirds buffeting a cat that threatens their young could be attributed to egoistic rage at the violation of proprietary rights. Not so the action of yellowhammer or partridge that slips from her nest and tumbles along the road, a plainly broken-winged creature for even a four-footed enemy to catch. Here is something far more like the passive virtue of self-sacrificing. It is doubtful whether it is calculated cunning. Some suggest that it is in the nature of a paralytic stroke induced by great anxiety. If so, it always gives way at the moment when the enemy has

been drawn safely away from the nest and before he has caught the crippled mother. A bird in the hand will sometimes go into a coma and thus escape, but, as far as the writer knows, this is not the case with the same kind of bird as those which seem to feign a broken wing in order to draw off attention from the nest.

The starlings are together day and night. Sometimes they hunt with the rooks and jackdaws, but generally alone. They have solved the equations of individual freedom, conditioned by the rights of others. The test of their communism comes not at feeding time but at roosting time. That is, perhaps, because many day companies join in one big army for sleep. It is the finches that have extended true flock politics to internationalism, for their foraging armies include the sparrow at one end and the buntings at the other. Their collectivism does not stand the test of dark. When the day is done, the species separate first, then the individuals, except the sparrows who roost tumultuously, in thatches and ivied trees where there are any, in London in the bare branches of the planes.

Communications.

REAL ARMY REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Army Reform is in the air, and "our military correspondents" are getting vocal about the powers of Councils, Committees, Field-Marsals, Inspector-Generals, Military Secretaries, and all the other Pooh-Bahs of Militarism, but what of the spirit of Army Administration as the private soldier sees it? A voluntary Army of unknown size is now asked for. I have done four years in the ranks, and no reasonable fortune would tempt me to continue that service. I would sweep a crossing or sacrifice a limb rather than have such a disaster overtake me. The millions of discharged men are coming back not only sworn foes of Conscription or National Service in any form, but eager to throw the whole weight of their advice and experience against any of their acquaintances joining up. Why? Not because of any danger or necessary hardship they have suffered, but on account of the tyranny, misery, and injustice they have endured under the British military system.

Now this is a very serious situation. Until a League of Nations is firmly established and universal disarmament enforced throughout the world, I suppose Great Britain must recruit a certain regular force to meet her obligations. What is this New Army to be like that men are so confidently expected to join? The technical constitution of the War Office is immaterial unless the whole spirit of administration and the old press-gang methods swept away. Unless there is reconstruction on modern and humane lines there will be no flow of recruits to the colors. Bluntly, it amounts to this. We, the millions who have suffered and know, will not let them join.

No, I am not a Bolshevik. I am not under the delusion that armies can be run on the same lines as peaceful communities of civilians. And (thank you for the reminder) I am not unaware of the record of our contemptible little Army. That was the most wonderful Army that ever breathed, but it joined under methods that were neither fair nor just to the men themselves and were only possible because they were trained to expect nothing better. Now all that is changed. Before the war the public took no interest in its soldiers. They might be, and usually were, slaves, and nobody cared. But now millions of us do care, and mean to go on caring. The old methods will not be possible in the future.

The first reform must be a clean sweep of King's Regulations. They date back to an age when soldiers admittedly were the scourings of the country, and though they have been tinkered with in detail the main body survives like a feudal fungus in these progressive times. In theory they are supposed to furnish the soldier's safeguard against unfair treatment, but the absurdity of this fiction every ranker knows. They can be so manipulated as to tell

always in favor of Authority against the men, and may therefore seem at first glance to be of secondary importance when it is principally the spirit of Army Administration which we are out to reform. But spirit and letter are closely bound up together, and a change in the former will follow easier on a change in the actual law.

Courts-martial, and indeed the whole system of trying so-called crimes, are in urgent need of reform. A few cases of scandalous injustice have come to light during the war, affecting officers as well as men, but they are a mere drop in the ocean of iniquity which has been perpetrated unknown. It is not too much to say that no soldier, however petty his offence, has as good a chance as a pauper murderer in a civil court. He is usually ignorant of the law, has no help in preparing his case, and is always hectorated and bullied in presenting it. His accusers are practically his judges. Even in the graver cases where a "friend" is allowed, he has no certainty of interviewing his friend and putting him in possession of the facts in time to prepare an adequate defence. . . . Crucifixion and the death penalty (except perhaps in gross cases affecting the safety of comrades in the line) are a disgrace to this country. While, if the victim is consigned to a military prison—well, some day I hope to tell the full story of the most notorious prison in France if the natural reluctance of certain sufferers to having their misfortunes made public can be overcome.

Thirdly, there is the question of access to officers, and indeed the whole subject of the relations between officers and men. The caste system in the British Army is the most rigid in the world, and with the example of the French, American, and Colonial forces before us there is no excuse for saying that such a Hindooish system is essential to fighting efficiency. Though a ranker myself, most of my friends have held commissioned rank, and they agree in asserting that by reason of the red-tape conservatism of the old Regular school, it is as impossible for a decent officer to treat his men decently without incurring a reprimand as it is difficult to win promotion without cringing to the man above. Imagine the hopeless position of a private lodging a well-founded complaint about his sergeant-major through that sergeant-major to an officer who relies on the sergeant-major as his right-hand man. Occasionally a man of martyr spirit or one who has nothing to lose fights his case up the hierarchy, and I must say that if he gets high enough he generally gets justice in the end. But at what a sacrifice! I have known men, for the mildest protest, so manoeuvred in the matter of week-end guards and fatigues as to be unable to get passes for months at a time, and goaded and bullied on parade for no offence at all, till they have got savage in the end and committed some serious crime. The entire fiction of "complaints" to officers is as big a farce as the story of comradeship between officers and men at the front which has given so much pleasure to ignorant civilians in the Conscriptionist Press. Industrials have found the strike the one really effective weapon for the righting of grievances and wrongs. An occasional riot has so far been the soldier's, though he may suffer sullenly in silence for a truly marvellous long time.—Yours, &c.,

PRIVATE.

Letters to the Editor.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BOLSHEVISTS.

SIR,—Captain McAlpine, in his letter on Bolshevism in your last issue, is evidently anxious that the case for the other side should be stated. His own opinions are mostly unfavorable to the Bolsheviks, but when they are favorable in any degree he states them frankly. As he held a position in Petrograd under the British Government, his opinions carry weight; some of his statements are more particularly interesting as they are in striking contrast with the hysterical views of which, as he says, we hear too much.

One of his statements I should like to quote. "There is no doubt at all that these well-disposed young commissars of whom Mr. Ball writes have made a sad mess of things in Russia. In writing this I do not impugn motives; the job has been too big for them. After all, running a country needs a certain amount of training. *The Bolshevik Commissars are learning their job as they go along.*" (The italics are mine.) Are not these words immensely significant? If they are tackling a job which is too big for them, and are learning as they go along,

may they not some day succeed in doing something? The grievance I have heard more often expressed than any other is that the Bolsheviks will not make use of the experience and governing capacity of the educated class. But if government has been the monopoly of a class, may not the exclusion of that class (it is not a question of exclusion of individuals who will throw in their lot with the Socialist community) be the only means of enabling the representatives of the people to learn to govern? The great weakness of Socialists has been the lack of this opportunity to learn. If Captain McAlpine's statement is true of commissars in the towns, it is also true of the peasants who are learning to govern in the country through their own communal institutions. I was at a village meeting in February with an American, whose comment was "here is a country making itself."

The words of Captain McAlpine's which I have quoted are hardly in agreement with views expressed elsewhere in his letter; for instance, when he speaks of "Bolshevism being applied to Russia through the agency of a few Jewish Commissars and a totally illiterate proletariat." With this view I do not concur, nor am I able to accept all that he says of the failure of Bolshevik organization.

The breakdown of industry is to be attributed partly to the fact that the community was not protected as in other belligerent States against the capitalists; or does Captain McAlpine hold that there were no capitalists in Russia during the war? Antecedent circumstances have to be taken into account before we can condemn nationalization of industry as a failure. Captain McAlpine says that "the Bolsheviks have never dared to interfere with the organized railway workers." But is there any need to? What of the Co-operative movement which is working harmoniously all over Russia within the Bolshevik administration? And am I wrong in thinking that the Narodny Bank, the peoples' bank in which the people all over the country invest their savings, has not been touched?

Members of the educated class find a place in the Civil Service and in the liberal professions, and they have always been invited to take their place in industry if they will throw in their lot with the government. There were signs when we were leaving Russia that they were accepting the invitation. Captain McAlpine, speaking of "labor that does not dirty its hands"—an unfortunate expression, I think—says that "the Bolsheviks shot some and imprisoned the rest." I could refer him on this point to an Englishman with whom it was my good fortune to travel home. He told me that one of his Russian friends whom he had never suspected of Bolshevism, an engineer, had just taken service under the Bolsheviks. It was about the time when Gorki made his appeal to the *Intelligentsia*. The same Englishman who had less sympathy, I should say, than Captain McAlpine with *Bolshevism*, told me his opinion of the *Bolsheviks*. He said they were quite good fellows: all depended on how you took them. He had done shovelling of snow at their orders, but he had no objection to doing it: feeling on both sides was quite friendly. I hope he will forgive me quoting him; such opinions seldom find their way into the press.

My own claim to any special knowledge of Bolsheviks is my experience of their administration of relief. In this, and in the opportunity it gave me of observing life in different parts of Russia, I was more fortunate than my fellow countrymen at Petrograd.

In regard to my journeys I must make one or two observations. I did not enjoy all the special privileges which Captain McAlpine imagines, but even if I had, I should not consciously allow personal considerations to influence my judgment on such immense issues as are raised by the Russian revolution. Nor do I think that he would willingly let his judgment be influenced by the insulting treatment he seems to have received. But there is a more important point than the personal one. It is this: that I was allowed to travel as freely as I was in Russia solely on account of the relief business on which I was engaged.

In the Caucasus I was travelling as the representative of the American Committee for the Relief of Armenians and Syrians. I made no use of my association with the Society of Friends. I travelled as far as Astrakhan with an American medical and relief unit. The only papers which I used besides those signed by the American Consulate and Red Cross were those given me *en route* by a Bolshevik refugee committee, by local Soviets, and by the Soviet of the Mussulman mountain tribesmen.

I travelled through a good many towns where life had been exceedingly disturbed, but I found even at Vladikavkas that the Bolsheviks were able to put down disorder. Internecine warfare between villages was going on mainly in the zone of the Cossacks. Not only was I never molested in *Bolshevik* territory, but I was never once asked by Russian authorities what my political sympathies were; nor, as I was under the Red Cross did I ever say. It was not till I reached Aberdeen that I was asked this question, and told that I should not leave the port till I answered it.

About my journey from Moscow home, Captain McAlpine seems to know more than I do. I applied formally through the Norwegian Consulate for leave to travel home. On the ground that I was a member of the Quaker party, the objection of my being under the age limit was waived. I was never told that anyone was asked to be kind to me. The remaining points concerning relief work, in Captain McAlpine's letter, can be quickly dealt with.

About the cloth. I do not know what is comic, except the small amount considering the need of the Armenian refugees, but the second instalment was a larger one. Nor do I know why Armenians are to be called Imperialist except that they are used to hard names. Among the non-Bolsheviks I have usually heard them called Bolsheviks. I saw something of the Department of State for Armenian Affairs both in Astrakhan and Moscow, and should have thought that the fact that it has some independence of action was to the credit rather than the discredit of the government. The cloth was bought off the American Red Cross.

At Orsha, the refugees from all parts of Russia waiting to return to their homes across the frontier are not the same as the returning prisoners of war. The latter were, indeed, to be pitied: half of them were tuberculous. The transport of them through Orsha was in the competent hands of a neutral committee. I met a Russian lady in this committee who was allowed to go into Germany and make arrangements for them. I understood that the organization of the Union of Towns was ready to help with the feeding of prisoners and care of the sick, but that at Orsha it was not necessary. About the refugees I will only add to what I said before, that the English doctor who travelled with me was satisfied that the medical work was in good hands. A few of the prisoners who had made their own escape into Russia were being treated in the refugee hospital. But the doctor was not expecting more of them.

There is a second statement of Captain McAlpine; it is in reference to the order prevailing in towns, which I should like to quote. Having instanced disorder in Petrograd in November and in the winter which I had never denied, he says: "in the summer things are better." He goes on to say that "then began the arrest of the ex-officers." Whatever is true about these arrests and the "Terror" which followed, it is not true that the community as a whole was terrorized. Public order was maintained in this sense that the streets which in the winter had been dangerous became perfectly safe. That was the case in the summer in Moscow. The order I attribute partly to the disciplined character of the Red Guard. Captain McAlpine says of the Red Guard in the towns that they are riff-raff and no better now than they were last November. A Polish lady, a member of the Friends' party, who was in Moscow early in the year, told me that the brigandage which had been common in the streets was put an end to by the Red Guard who definitely dissociated themselves from the disorderly element. If the rather athletic and pleasant young men, half-civilians and half-soldiers, doing police duty on the street corners of Moscow, are riff-raff, certainly the soldiers parading through the streets of Petrograd in the first week in October were not. The truth is, I think, that Captain McAlpine has professional feeling in this matter which I cannot share. Nor, really, do I think that Trotsky thinks it "the worst possible army." It is a *new kind* of army; this is surely the point. It knows what it is fighting for, which no other army has ever done. It is ready to defend and propagate the revolution, and the revolution is an idea—to many minds a dangerously simple idea. That the army has recently become a conscript army, I know, but this would not have been possible in Russia unless it were the democratic army it professes to be, which is something quite new.

The latter portion of Captain McAlpine's letter turns on points of view rather than questions of fact. His own point of view, I think, comes out fairly clearly. I am afraid he is less successful in interpreting the point of view of Lenin. "Bolshevism, with its essentially class warfare, is bound to fail in a task which needs the willing support of all classes that today make up a nation. Lenin knows this." Does he, indeed? Captain McAlpine's point of view seems to be that of the Cadets. Perhaps he will tell us next that "poor old Marx" was a Cadet. As to the Duma, as far as I know, all Socialist opinion agreed that any use it had was in producing a political revolution and so leading the way to economic revolution. Marxian Socialists differed from the others in believing that you could go straight to the economic revolution.

There is one view of Captain McAlpine's that calls for comment. He speaks of Bolshevism as if it existed only in the towns. It is true that the violent manifestations of the Revolution which have given Bolshevism an evil name have occurred in the towns. The reason is that the towns, and particularly the capitals, are the points of greatest *political* stress. To the towns resort all those enemies of the revolution who dare not show their faces in the country. As the town is also the point of greatest *industrial* stress, it is not unnatural that counter revolution, and the suppression of it known as the Terror, should come to a head in the towns.

This is what the Press describes to us, and it describes little else, and it is not only the Press that are obsessed by the town point of view, but the Marxian Socialists have built their faith on the country. Imperialism is a perfectly real issue in the villages. It is not a mythical monster, but an intimately known enemy. Empire in Russia exists within the gates. The governing class, represented by the official, the policeman, and, to some extent, the doctor, the tax collector—these, with their culture, are the enemy. Similarly Capitalism. I hardly know what Captain McAlpine means when he says that the Bolsheviks found no Capitalists to attack. In the country it is perfectly clear what the capitalist interest is. If the economic revolution means anything anywhere it means something in the country, where the village communities as a whole are growing steadily poorer and poorer, while certain individuals favored by the old economic system are growing richer—in other words are

progressive, while the others cannot be; their economic situation does not make that virtue possible.

The greatest minds, like Tolstoy, by virtue of intense intellectual energy, have achieved by a rational process that point of view from which the peasant, who is a natural philosopher, starts. The great question about the present leaders of the Russian Revolution is, Can they achieve that union in political life between their own vision and the vision of the people? If so, may some sparks from that conflagration fall on our phantom civilization. I close apocalyptically as Captain McAlpine does.—Yours, &c.,

R. REYNOLDS BALL.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know on what grounds "Wayfarer" suggests in your issue of January 4th that the size of the Coalition majority "was largely due to the women." I have seen it put forward elsewhere that, since only 50 per cent. of the electorate used their votes at all, therefore the women did not even trouble to go to the poll. No doubt, if I had read yet another kind of newspaper I should have learnt that since Labor polled about half as many votes as the Coalition, and doubled its own representation in Parliament, women are evidently all Bolsheviks. Now, although as an old Suffragist I am not surprised to find women being made the scapegoat for all electoral disappointments, these several assumptions cannot all be true. Nor, as far as I can see, can any one of them be either proved or denied. It is possible that the new voters, following precedent, voted back into power the Government that happened to enfranchise them; but, even if that is admitted for the sake of argument, from what is it deduced that the majority of that new voters' majority were women? Clearly not from everybody's personal experience; mine, for example, would lead me to suppose that every woman who could not vote anti-Coalition, and preferably Labor, abstained altogether. Certainly not from ingenious little games played with the figures and the polling cards. I refused to give up mine, and I know of one conscientious woman, at least, who gave up the card of the candidate for whom she did not vote for fear of infringing the secrecy of the ballot. What is there to show, for instance, that the majority of any winning candidate contained a majority of women's votes, or that these did not go in so many cases to swell the totals of the Independent candidates, especially of Silver Badge men whose programme would appeal to soldiers' wives?

Of course, it may be true that the women voters were swayed entirely by the hysterical press campaign carried on just before the election. But I seem to remember other elections also, in which not one of these foolish, impressionable creatures was allowed to vote, when a reactionary Government was returned to power under very much the same influences—notably the "Khaki" Election of 1900. Naturally, I prefer to think that God Almighty did not make the women to match the men in this respect. So I would like to suggest to "Wayfarer," if I may, that the responsibility of the women for the recent reactionary vote is simply "non proven."—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN SHARP.

16, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

Poetry.

TO MY MATE.

OLD comrade, are you living; do you hear me, can you see?
If they print this stuff in Blighty, will you guess it comes from me?

I was just a wee bit balmy, don't you reckon, all the while?
And perhaps the life in Flanders didn't help to fix that tile.

As the R.S.M. expressed it, "Who's the freak in Number Nine

That looks as if his wits were umpteen kilos from the Line?"

So the Regimental copped it at the Cambrai do, I hear,
And the freak is safe in civvies with a pension, like a peer.
And for all his d'd deportment and the Regimental's scorn

He could work his blooming ticket with the smartest soldier born.

I never wrote, I own it, and I've not so much as tried
To find if you're in England yet or on the other side;
But I never knew your number and I lost your home-address

With my pack and all inside it, when they marked me C.C.S.
But I haven't quite forgot you, and my only souvenir
That I wouldn't sell for sixpence is the thought of you, old dear.

We were mates to some good purpose in a world of boundless bad,

And to scheme each other's welfare was the one good thing we had.

We were some queer brace of partners; Fate was surely on the spree

When she yoked in double harness such a pair as you and me.

You'd a craze for searching bodies—I could never stick the smell;

You'd a deep respect for Scripture and for words you couldn't spell.

You were gentler than a woman when you dressed a wounded limb,

And at grab—an old cat-mother isn't half so quick and slim.

I think I see you sitting in our dug-out at Bapaume

Where you found your German wrist-watch—did you ever get that home?—

With a sandbag on your napper and your feet inside a pair

While I punched a tin of "Sweetened" that you'd raised from God knows where.

I see you sternly frowning with my glasses on your nose

While you proved from Revelation when the war was bound to close,

Till you smelt the old pot cooking and your brows relaxed their frown,

And you sat and purred with pleasure as you spooned the custard down.

Well, it's over now and ended; we shall never tramp again

Down the slimy, sodden mule-track in the darkness and the rain;

You would always come behind me on the duckboards, if you could,

To help me, if I stumbled with my load of wire or wood.

I can hear you in the darkness, when you saw that I was done—

"There's a tin of strawberry pozzy in my pack—step up, old son!"

I've got the same old billet, in the same old office chair,
And France seems just as wild a dream as Blighty seemed out there.

But I don't get on with civvies—they know too much for me;

They've read the war-news twice a day, not once a month, like we.

They'll swallow bags of bunkum and let it down, like pie,
But they think you daft, or shell-shocked, if you speak what ain't a lie.

They love you if you spruce 'em well and give 'em lots of buck—

Of the Prussian Guards you've strangled, and the squealing Huns you've stuck;

They ar'n't half sweet on bayonet-scraps and blood and all that tosh,

And they'd earn a D.C. Medal-mint at shouting down the Boche.

But they've never heard the rat-tat of the gun that can't be seen,

They've never watched the sheaves go down, and walked behind to glean;

They've made their "Great Advances" with pins on paper maps,

They've made their "Splendid Pushes" with the "latest" on their laps.

But it ain't worth while to tell 'em; you might talk till all was blue,

But you'd never make 'em compree what a bloke out there goes through.

* * *

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Set Down in Malice." A Book of Reminiscences. By Gerald Cumberland. (Grant Richards. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Annesley of Surat." By Arnold Wright. (Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Behind the Battle Line." Around the World in 1918. By Madeleine Z. Doty. (Macmillan.)
 "The Millennium?" By Sir Ian Hamilton. (Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

* * *

NEARLY a year ago, I suggested in this page that if we settled down to a quiet life of bureaus and barracks, with its monotony compensated by an atmosphere of wolfishness in human relations, then letters would end in nothing more nor less than the flattery of absolutism. Either the arts would troop in song and dance to the celebration of the *Pax Romana* or, as the expression of the spirit of truth, they would become extinct—a consummation, to use politicians' jargon, devoutly to be desired.

* * *

HAPPILY there is an alternative, and that I propose to set forth—very sketchily, as needs must—this week. Let us for the moment ignore "the fretfulness, impatience, and extreme tension of modern literary life, the many anxieties that paralyze and the feverish craving for applause that perverts so many noble intellects," and treat the artist absolutely, as the passionate explorer of reality, and so the enemy of shams and appearances, and so again as the champion of a creative society. It is an assumption, but, I think, a tenable one, if we take care not to give too narrow a definition to the meaning of art. Yet it is idle to hail him as a deliverer before he can deliver himself. Within him exists, as a natural law and a traditional heritage, the longing to be free and the passion to make; in the world, as constituted to-day, the will, however clumsy or half-hearted, to enslave and the instinct to destroy. The artist possessed with this faith will look upon all the apparatus of pride, force, and show, and a more modest Crusader, will condemn it as infidel. What, then, is he to do? Physical force, deliberate conversion, organized opposition, tract-mongering, humanitarianism, are all out of his beat. There is, in fact, only one course of action open to him, in which he can be at once "true to himself" and the organic law of the arts. That is, by refraining from action, by withdrawing in a "wise passivity" from the whole concern—by casting it from him as an imposture upon the true significance of life and art.

* * *

Now this is neither so original, impotent, nor easy a policy as it looks. Consider the historical precedents. The early Christians withdrew, the Pilgrim Fathers did, the Pantisocrats desired to. Cliques, stallholders in Vanity Fair, Garden Suburbans, and dons place themselves apart. All artists, who are more concerned with doing their work well than with what people will think of them for it—with the work itself rather than the effects produced—to some extent already withdraw from a society which cares nothing for truth or beauty. Satirists, prophets, all those thinkers and seers who can teach humanity a thing or two that takes some learning, detach themselves more consciously. The Cenobites—and was it one of the de Guérins who withdrew to an island to write works for his own exclusive delectation?—were the extreme literalists of a reaction common enough in all its forms. The poets retire into their own blossoming solitudes, the spectators of life into their own little observation mounts, Dives into his counting-house, and Lazarus his grave, from which it can hardly have been his personal wish to have been raised. The Essenes, again, and numberless heretical sects withdrew from the orthodox Christians. The Puritans withdrew from the Anglican Church, and the Diggers from the Puritans. Individual examples are, of course, still more numerous. Montaigne, freeing himself

from the epileptic France of Henry III., voyaged the "anatomy" of himself. Leonardo's timeless soul roamed the timeless universe in strange quests and in severe detachment from the human antheap—and so on. Now, in the fullness of time, when religion is dead and the freedom of personal life moribund, has come the call to the artist, as an ideal conception, as a warning and a messenger, to dissociate himself from the existing order.

* * *

Nor again is this withdrawal one which a plutocratic State can altogether regard with indifference, however comfortably it can, by its nature, do without the arts. For this rejection, this renunciation, this withholding, is more powerful than forcible opposition, which either strengthens the existing order by consolidating it, or destroys it only to substitute another order founded likewise upon organized force. Simple rejection does more than that: it undermines it. When Satan, in "The Revolt of the Angels," has had his dream in which he has conquered the Heavens and flung Ialdabaoth (the God of Power) into the pit and seen him develop those feelings of pity for suffering humanity that he (Satan) had lost in Heaven but gained in Hell, he turns and addresses the revolting Archangels:—

"God conquered will become Satan; Satan conquering will become God. May the Fates spare me this terrible lot; I love the Hell which formed my genius. I love the Earth where I have done some good, if it be possible to do any good in this fearful world where beings live but by rapine. . . . We were conquered because we failed to understand that victory is a Spirit, and it is in ourselves, and ourselves alone, that we must attack and destroy Ialdabaoth."

Stevenson, in "An Apology for Idlers," writes:—

"It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. . . . Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes."

* * *

Nor, lastly, is it easy. For in retiring from the commercial and official *Te Deum* of the triumph of power, the artist has to shake from his feet all that he can of their philosophic dust, and that implies substitution, an attempt to combat the machinery of matter by the positive philosophy of the spirit. Yet again, he has to avoid not only this mechanism, but its view of his art. Quite apart from the obvious pressure of advertisement and the "what the public (that is to say, the tradesman) wants" fallacy, there is a kind of hypnosis of closeness which saps the artist's independence. Whatever apparent freedom he may have to cultivate his art, it is but the freedom of the horse given a loose rein on the road and a wide tether in the fields. He is still the passive instrument of a spurious law of supply and demand and no less a commodity for purchase than any laborer. Nor is his relative cost to the buyer in ratio to his merit as an artist. His work has no absolute value in itself. Anything—circulation, expense of production, subject-matter, the presence of certain styles and mannerisms, amenability to the vested interests of art, fashionable claims, the "right thing" for the "right people," the whole system of endowment, all take precedence of the simple test of quality and make it cruelly difficult for him to escape from being a mere sequin upon the social dress. Always the man who pays the piper calls the tune. To define what one means by this withdrawal is a further difficulty, since that is not my business but his. The dangers of isolation in an uncongenial world are as patent as those of total retreat. Art must not become the monopoly of an exclusive and cultivated minority (a group-personality) turned in upon itself like the serpent to be seen in the old printer's marks devouring its own tail. Exclusion is contrary to the purpose of the artistic spirit, which is to impart to others what it has discovered about man and the universe. Once the artist ceases to testify to the glory of God he shrinks into the aesthete. Overcultivation of personality is another pitfall, for if it is good to have an artistic temperament, it is abominable to use it as a temperament. I leave it to him, but let him keep clear or perish!

H. J. M.

Reviews.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT IN POLITICS.

"Tory Democracy." By HENRY BENTINCK. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

WHAT is "Tory Democracy"? After a careful reading of Lord Henry Bentinck's book, I am afraid that I still do not know. I have met many men who called themselves "Tory Democrats," and I have read of many more; but I am still at a loss to find the essentials of the Tory Democratic faith. I think I understand the attitude set forth in Disraeli's "Sybil"; but I am quite unable to see its relevance to modern conditions, or to connect it with Disraeli's own political career. I think I can understand the idea of a patriot king; but this does not help me to understand Lord Henry Bentinck, who holds that "a patriot king is an utter anachronism."

I remember well the "Tory Democrats" of my undergraduate days, and I suppose they represent a type that is usually present at our Universities. They did not impress me, except as political arrivistes who saw the need for equipping reaction with a specious programme of social reform. They had certainly nothing in common with Lord Henry Bentinck, who is among the sincerest men in the public life of to-day, and can be relied upon whenever a protest against injustice, tyranny, or dishonesty is required. I say they had nothing in common; but I am wrong. They had in common a veneration for the memory of Disraeli, based in the case of Lord Henry on "Sybil" and "Lothair," and in the case of the undergraduate arrivistes on his actual political achievements.

I am driven back, then, upon Lord Henry's own book, and must attempt to find out from it alone what he means by Tory Democracy. It is quite clear that he does not like or respect any of the existing political parties. "Nobody knows, not even its leaders, what the Liberal Party stands for to-day" is his summing-up of Liberalism. "The Labor Leaders fear their fate too much" is an incisive and sufficient criticism of the record of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Nor does the Unionist Party escape. "The Tory Party [before the war] was largely composed of men who had made a study of the new gospel to the neglect of the old, and whose faith in the ability of Tariff Reform to produce a Utopia was so robust that they felt there was little need to trouble about other matters."

Lord Henry is no better pleased with the Coalitionists who now direct our political affairs. "Those who believe that a great Empire can be governed on the principles of the counter are all-powerful to-day in the Government." And again, "What is the permanent peace of the world to Plutocracy or Plutocracy to the permanent peace of the world? Its only thought is to turn the British Empire into a bagman's Paradise, and to make the world safe for itself."

Contrasted with these unworthy parties and Governments is the idea, not the reality of a Tory Democratic Party, which shall be truly national. Lord Henry Bentinck states the case for such a party and for its emergence from Tory-Unionism in three ways—by a political retrospect in which he tries to prove the Tory Party to possess a national and democratic tradition; by a statement of the policy of the small group of Unionist "Social Reformers" which was at work before the war; and by an exposition of his own political principles.

Lord Henry Bentinck's historical retrospect is full of humors which, I fear, are unconscious. The Elizabethan Poor-law and industrial legislation are described as an "admirable industrial code." Charles I., "if . . . a poor constitutionalist, was a good social reformer. He should have been a member of a Labor Government. One might almost say that he lost his head for daring to anticipate modern finance and attempt differential taxation of the rich."

There is, of course, an element of truth in this view—an element too often neglected in our standard histories. The statesmen of Elizabeth and of Charles I. did quite often find themselves on the side of the poor against the rich. But it is surely clear that this was not in the least because they were democrats, but because they held to the

policy of power and regarded a healthy and a disciplined peasantry as essential to national strength. They were Tories rather than Whigs; but they were certainly not Tory Democrats.

Again, what does Lord Henry Bentinck mean to imply by this passage?—

"Unlike Burke, he [Pitt] kept his head, and behaved with the greatest toleration and patience towards the French. He even gave his blessing to the cause of liberty in France, and expressed the hope that when the situation of France should become restored she would prove freedom rightly understood, and would enjoy just that kind of liberty which he venerated, and which he wished to see other States possess."

Surely it is notorious that Pitt suffered from anti-revolutionary panic in an acute form; that he lived in mortal terror of a British Revolution, and that he adopted every instrument of coercion in his power, from Combination Acts and the suspension of Habeas Corpus to the Volunteers and an elaborate spy system, in order to crush out every form of British liberty. Let Lord Henry look again at his eulogy of Pitt, and see whether it does not read very much like praise of our own reactionary statesmen who wish, with the aid of every kind of Tsarist and reactionary, to restore to Russia the blessings of "true liberty."

Yet again, what does this sentence mean? "The Reform Act of 1832 transferred power from the aristocracy to the middle classes, and plunged the poor into the depths of poverty and degradation." It did nothing to pull them out; but they were in the depths before. It was not any Act of Parliament, but the operation of economic forces, that caused the degradation of the poor. Enclosures and the Industrial Revolution were both non-party matters. Lord Henry is profuse in praise of Disraeli's Reform Act; but he seems to forget that the Act of 1832 paved the way for it.

It would be easy to take other instances in which Lord Henry Bentinck's historical judgment is, to say the least of it, erratic; but those given already must serve. His object is to show that, from time to time in history, the Tory Party has "realized its true destiny": it has risen "above the mere interests of a class, and become a great national party." This has occurred in recent times "under the leadership of Disraeli, the influence of Randolph Churchill, and the guidance of Salisbury." It is not so now; for "the Tory Party lost the confidence of the people on the day when it laid itself open to the suspicion that it was engaged in a capitalist conspiracy, and it will not regain it until it clears itself of that suspicion."

At the close of his historical retrospect, Lord Henry leads us to the Tory Democrats of to-day. He makes great play with the reform programme drafted by the little group of Unionist Social Reformers in the years before the war, and with the fact that their projects have been largely accepted in such war-time legislation as the Corn Production Act and the Education Act. It is here that Lord Henry is most disappointing. He points with pride to the record of individual Tory social reformers in the past in securing the enactment and strengthening of the Factory Acts, and seems to regard the work of social reform to-day as a mere continuation of their work on the same lines. All his reforms are reforms to be given to the people: there is hardly a hint that the position has changed, and that the people are now strong enough to take things for themselves. Despite many of Lord Henry's own generalizations, his attitude, as soon as he approaches concrete proposals of social reform, seems to be that of doing things for the people through a benevolent, but certainly not democratic, political machine. We must not be too hard on him for this, for his attitude is also that of many who call themselves Socialists: but his failure in this respect is perhaps the secret of his parallel failure to appreciate the qualities of Radicalism. It is also very marked that the social reforms which he advocates are not such as to disturb in any serious way a single vested interest. In agriculture, his theory carries him no further than that "it is for the national advantage that the farmer should have security for his capital and the laborer a living wage." In relation to industry, he repeats uncritically the formula that "the urgent problem of the future is the need of the maximum production of wealth"—for all the world as if there were no problem of finding markets for the "wealth" so created.

Hardly less uncritically, he accepts the Whitley Reports as a real step towards the conception of industry as National Service.

I do not quote these superficial views in order to prove Lord Henry Bentinck a reactionary. I know that he is not a reactionary; but I think he has not succeeded in bringing his actual political proposals into harmony with his fundamental principles. He quotes with approval Doherty's phrase, written in 1837: "If society is to have tolerable conditions of life, machinery must be brought under the direction of the working classes themselves. The aim and goal of human effort is not wealth, but freedom." Moreover, he himself says that "whoever thinks that the aims of Labor are purely material must be blind to the significance of the social history of his country." But he does not formulate any policy worthy of these generous sentiments. Again and again he proves himself alive to the futility, and to the sinister domination by vested interests, of the existing political parties. He cuts himself spiritually adrift from them; but he continues to dream vainly of an impossible revival of a Tory Party which has never existed save in the imagination of a few individuals. He lacks perhaps the imagination, perhaps the power, to emancipate himself from upper-class tradition, which are needed to make his policy tally with his principles. And, in doing so, he condemns himself to political sterility in big things. He is, and will remain, a lonely knight-errant among the captains of industry and finance with whom he sits in the House of Commons. He does, and will do, good work in exposing charlatans and pleading for fairness and straight dealing, and in pressing for secondary measures of social and industrial reform. But his "Tory Democracy" bars him out from bigger things, because it prevents him from realising the vastness of the social changes that are necessary before fair dealing in politics and peace in industry can become real possibilities. He attacks the "modern mercantilists," the exploiters of Empire Resources, the "Empire-breakers who say that the native must work not for the benefit of his own native land, but for the enrichment of the soap-boiler in Britain"; but he does not see how deeply this spirit of profiteering and exploitation is rooted in our whole social and industrial system.

Nowhere are his points of strength and weakness seen so clearly together as in his treatment of Mr. Fisher's Education Act. He is rightly of opinion that the Bill was badly maimed in Committee; but this is how he states his case:—

"An unholy alliance of doctrinaire Radicals, plutocratic Liberal newspaper proprietors, and reactionary Labor men from Lancashire, snowed it under with amendments, thus putting back the clock of progress for a few years. A curious phenomenon of our Educational Debates is to find representatives of Lancashire labor making use of arguments hitherto employed by the reactionary employer only, which a century of industrial legislation has proved to be utterly fallacious. It is interesting to find how anti-social a socialist can on occasions prove to be."

I do not defend Lancashire labor; but has Lord Henry Bentinck really followed the debates carefully in order to see whence the principal opposition came? What about doctrinaire Tories, plutocratic Unionists, and Junker militarists? Have they not also something to do with the bad features of the Act? And, whatever Lancashire may have done, did not Labor as a whole do its best to make it better? Lord Henry Bentinck is on the side of the angels in the matter of education; but I defy him to prove that there is anything peculiarly "Tory" about his educational policy. He is not really a Tory, but a knight-errant; and, whether they know it or not, knight-errants are doomed to be of no party.

G. D. H. COLE.

THE GREAT SUPERMAN.

"By an Unknown Disciple." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE chapters of this book originally appeared in THE NATION. Its purpose was simple and evident. The Gospel has been so much read that it is no longer read. It has become a saga, a chant. To the oft-repeated air, the senses address themselves rather than the conscience or the imagination. An attempt was accordingly made to correct

this over-familiarity, which indeed has long acted as a real estrangement. The author took the language of the discourses and parables of Jesus, and the descriptions of some capital events of his life, as the authorized and revised versions of the Gospel have stamped them on the minds of millions of readers, and paraphrased, transposed, or rationalized them. Jesus was treated as an historical character, not as a myth, nor markedly as a mystic, and his message to men was given as the writer thought he meant to deliver it. The work was done by selection, as Arnold and Loisy and all modern critics have done it, from the Synoptics, and also from the Fourth Gospel, with some hints from apocryphal sources. This is not a forbidden method, for thus, and thus alone, is the personality of Jesus kept fresh and living. Though the Churches teach and symbolize, they do not necessarily keep alive. Only the genius of humanity can do that. Instinctively a free writer lets his mind play round the character of Jesus, and finds there what attracts him most.

It is more important, says Harnack, for mankind to know that a man called Jesus Christ once stood in their midst than that there was once a man of the name of Socrates. So it has seemed to the writer of these imaginative studies. They do not describe Jesus as God. They do describe him as a necessary and intimate interpreter of God to man. Jesus is figured as Superman, the light in which his age, like our own, in its pathetic endeavor to re-discover the link between the inner and the outer world, which its own materialism has lost, is most apt to regard him. He is invested with psychic, not magical, power. If he touched you, "you felt more alive," says the Unknown Disciple. "Virtue" was in him and went out of him. This spiritual energy asserted itself especially in forms of nervous disease. But above all, it drew men to it, tranquillized the soul, and changed the meaning and direction of life. "Devils" were exorcised, and the rhythm of the body restored. But the special mission of Jesus was to restore spiritual mastery to man, to drive out the unclean spirits of violence and selfishness, hatred of enemies and neglect of neighbors. The story thus conceived is run on a simple thread. The Unknown Disciple is little in himself: he observes others, Peter's jealousy, sincerity, and hot temper, the sweetness of John, Luke's philosophic mind. And, through his friendship with Nicodemus, he is able to throw light on the mystery of Jesus's death. Rich and impressionable, he is drawn to Jesus in an act of adoring love and discipleship. But Judas Iscariot, the fanatical Judean, has no such spiritual attraction. He looks to Jesus as the deliverer of the Jewish nation, and when he is disappointed, betrays him to the Pharisees and the priests. Their view, again, is purely conventional—the view of modern Christianity. They want no difficulty with Rome, and no Kingdom of God either. Jesus to them is simply an enemy of law and order. Thus the vulgar theory of Renan, that Jesus was "overwhelmed" by his mission, and even, by consenting to a sham raising of Lazarus, debased it, is avoided, and Jesus retains his ideal and unchanging singleness of character. When he dies, the world seems to his followers lost to life and joy. But love, in the person of Mary of Magdala, the chief witness of the resurrection, seals the witness of faith. She comes singing through the Garden of Gethsemane. In "body or spirit," she has seen the Master. Was it all a dream? Even if it were, a dream could alter the face of the world. Henceforth, there was nothing for it but to spread the good news of the kingdom, till all men yielded to the power of love.

There will be many objections to this treatment of the life of Christ. It will shock some and discompose others. Our language has not grown in beauty since the days of Elizabeth and James; and the greatest artist in words could not touch the English versions of the Old or the New Testaments without depoetizing them. Some of the transpositions which the author uses in order to get a certain continuity of effect, are arbitrary enough, the almost mechanical combination of the four accounts of the trial is not less so. But anything, one is inclined to say, to make people think, to waken dead souls. Christianity tends to fade into literalism, sentimentalism, formalism, polite living. It has become at once æsthetic and anæsthetic. Yet the Gospel is not this at all. Jesus is essentially hard and simple; easy to understand, difficult to follow. And the trouble is that the world

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will not follow. It follows its doctrine, which has all but destroyed it. The ritual of Christianity deadens its practice, so that when society was called on to put its plain meaning into effect, its leaders denied with oaths and curses that it was ever there. Therefore the Gospel must always be preached. Therefore, if we believe that Jesus was a real person, his personality must be shown for what it might have been in August, 1914, the Saviour of the World.

For who is like him? Who was ever like him? "Ragged, divine, martyred, Hero," Mark Rutherford makes his old French revolutionary say. "What a God he was! He was the first who ever cared for the people—for the real people, the poor, the ignorant, the fools, the weak-minded, the slaves!" His insight was not less than his sympathy, and his view of society remains the foundation of our modern criticism of it. What gravity, what gay wisdom was his, what a key to living, what a conquest of death! When will such a story fail to stir the soul of man and awaken his conscience to criticism of society and examination of himself? How can such a simple but intense vision of personality have been all imagined, and if it was not, if this figure of mingled sweetness and severity, illuminated by a thousand intimate touches of character, so lived in the memory of the men and women who knew him, is it wonderful that a continuous stream of love has set towards him from millions more? Always is his life being re-enacted in its failure no less than in its triumph. Always is he rejected and despised; always is he taken back to the world's bosom, and it to his. Christianity is thus no theory. It is a Presence of attractive and re-attractive force. Few schools, even of hostile doctrine, quite desert this view of it, and its worst enemy, which is the Church, often diverts the missile of the thinker from the person of Jesus—undeniable to nearly all who do not deny its historicity—to some ill-graven image of his teaching. Thus witnesses Nietzsche, the anti-Christian Christian, no less than Tolstoy, the anti-Church Christian. How far from Jesus is the Nietzschean vision of heroic life and death, the Nietzschean conception of the justice that "acquits everyone but the judge," and is itself "love with the seeing eye," the Nietzschean scorn of standardized goodness? Closer still is the temper of Hugo and Dickens, the heart of Mill, the moral teaching of Spencer. Was not Voltaire a practical Christian? And Shelley an ideal one? Was Goethe, the intellectual, wrong in thinking that beyond his teaching the conscience of man would not advance? The natural, the humane, the sincere critic of life, are of his fold, and some phase of intimate thought and experience is pretty sure to bring them to his feet.

A non-Christian world there is. But, like Faust, it is judged, and its best judge is its betrayed but never quite forsaken Master. In this sense again, Nietzsche (a rhetorical Blake) can be claimed as a witness to essential Christianity. Rightly understood, his doctrine of the Over-man, which the author of this book implicitly adopts, is a message of salvation for average humanity. The effort to realize the best in man has in it something super-human in the sense that it implies a swift and uncomprehended elevation to a higher plane of doing and thinking, and that it is not achieved without an act of revelation of what that best is, a guarantee that it is possible, a personality that gives it life: Without that personal witness stagnation or wild pessimism is man's lot, stagnation for the mass and pessimism for the intellectual, for unrealizable ideals are madness in the soul. The Gospel, say some, is a dream, a literary compilation of Judean and Gentile mystics. But once at least the gate of dreams has been opened, and truth and poetry have been momentarily but immortally linked with common experience. "Ce que la vie a de meilleur, c'est l'idée qu'elle nous donne de je ne sais quoi qui n'est point en elle." Is not and is. Was and may be again.

M.

STEVENSON OF THE POCKET-BOOK.

"New Poems and Variant Readings." By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

It is not often, we are glad to say, that an editor who takes upon himself the issue of 130 hitherto unpublished poems by a man of genius of universal fame is so unobtrusive as Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's once collaborator. His

share in the book amounts to seventeen lines of a preface, in which the reader will detect at least half-a-dozen either inadequate or challengeable statements. But worse is to follow. It is really too bad for an editor to tell us that these poems "will be found extraordinarily interesting in their self-revelation, and some, indeed, are so intimate and personal . . ." and then for us, on turning to the text, to discover not a single note or commentary to it whatever. Mr. Osbourne, in fact, conveys a double confusion. In the first place, the poems are by no means a decipherable index to the growth of the poet's mind (we have no means even of knowing whether they are authentic), and, in the second, the internal evidence of autobiography they betray is so obscure and baffling that annotation becomes an imperative need. We turn to page 59:—

"Now when the number of my years
Is all fulfilled, and I
From sedentary life
Shall rouse me up to die.
Bury me low and let me lie
Under the wide and starry sky," &c.,

Is this an earlier reading of the matchless "Requiem"? We guess, again, that the charming little song:—

"Farewell, and when forth
I through the Golden Gates to Golden Isles
Steer without smiling, through the sea of smiles,
Isle upon isle, in the seas of the south," &c.

was written either just before or during the Vailima period. Then there are dedicatory poems to "Prince Otto" and "Underwoods" and poetical addresses to various people. A sly, tender little satire among the "Fragments" is obviously discharged at his wife; while a line in another poem—"Through nine-and-twenty mingled years" is a further peep through the curtain. We may guess, again, that the numerous songs of hope and courage were written during and after sickness, and that "As in their Flight the Birds of Song" is a reference, if not a direct address to the author's mother. So we may continue, not only doing the editor's business for him, but, as needs must, very imperfectly.

But we may say, why not enjoy and understand the poems as poems, without troubling about these irrelevant properties—and as the editor would like us to do, since he has given us no chance of doing anything else? There are several conclusive answers to that, and one of them is that very few of them can be read thus isolated and by so absolute a test of values. They are the product not of Stevenson's work but his leisure—the occasional jottings of a note-book. We do not even know whether he desired them to be published at all. Mr. Osbourne, at the end of his illuminating preface, remarks that as these poems were not destroyed, it shows, "beyond any contradiction, that he meant they should be ultimately published." In default of more tangible evidence, such a statement is pure assumption, and, judging by the quality of the poems themselves as a whole (which is our only criterion), is quite likely to be a mistaken one. And Mr. Osbourne, by the form of his wording, leaves the impression that he is as indefinite in his knowledge of Stevenson's wishes as we are ourselves. That being the impression, he owed it both to Stevenson and to Stevenson's readers to say so.

That brings us to another point. Some of these poems are so conventional, slight, and self-conscious that they might have been the work, not of a young, or a tired, or a sick Stevenson, but of any fairly intelligent young man with a turn for literature—while others, though not of radiant beauty or of original insight, do gather and house something of Stevenson's peculiar and individual spirit:—

"Death to the dead for evermore
A King, a God, the last, the best of friends—
Where'er this mortal journey ends,
Death, like a host, comes smiling to the door;
Smiling, he greets us, on that tranquil shore
Where neither piping bird nor peeping dawn
Disturbs the eternal sleep.
But in the stillness far withdrawn
Our dreamless rest for evermore we keep."

And:—

"Since years ago for evermore
My cedar ship I drew to shore;
And to the road and river bed
And the green, nodding reeds I said
Mine ignorant and last farewell:
Now with content at home I dwell
And now divide my sluggish life
Betwixt my verses and my wife:

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In vain; for when the lamp is lit
 And by the laughing fire I sit,
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 Interminable roads I tread."

And lastly:—

"I, whom Apollo sometime visited,
 Or feigned to visit, now, my day being done,
 Do slumber wholly; nor shall know at all
 The weariness of changes; nor perceive
 Immeasurable sands of centuries
 Drink of the blanching ink, or the loud sound
 Of generations beat the music down."

These, a few delicate trifles in a playful or epigrammatic key, the soft and elegant envoy for "A Child's Garden of Verses," the philosophic love-poem, "Men are Heaven's piers," and some few others, these are of the flesh and blood of Stevenson, though severe critics might call them Stevensonian rather than Stevenson. At any rate, such severity would be quite uncalled for, since for all we know we are gazing upon his private papers, and since, as we do know, these poems are the embroidery and not the expression of genius.

There is not the faintest trace of method or direction in the arrangement of the poems, and that, together with the omission to make any notes, leaves them a chaos in the reader's eye. Yet they belong unmistakably to different periods of Stevenson's life—different periods, moods, and circumstances. A number of them read like journeyman exercises—the fluent trials of romantic youth. Others show a greater preoccupation with craftsmanship, and include various experiments in metre, even hexameters and hendecasyllables, while others again are reflections that glance back upon a temperament in touch with joy, in contact with adventure, and in conflict with sorrow. All of them, that is to say, cry out for relative treatment, to be read, not as an epilogue complete in itself to the poet's already finished work, but as a kind of marginal comment upon the poet's personal life, his associations, concerns, attitudes, and developments. When the poems are read in such a light—and that is the only way to read them—the task devolving upon an editor is sufficiently evident, and the neglect of it sufficiently grave to prejudice both the meaning of these verses and the reader's proper approach to them.

CANON BARNETT.

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It is in one respect a pity that this able book appears at the present time, when the problems arising out of the war and the peace occupy all men's minds. For this preoccupation may prevent an adequate realization of what the world owes to the character, the ideals, and the practical experiments of one of the wisest of modern social reformers. There are two main streams of interest in this biography. There is the gradual unfolding of a character of extraordinary attractiveness—unselfish, humorous, wise; and there is the record of constructive experiment in almost every department of our social life which entitles Barnett to rank as a pioneer.

The greatest of these experiments was the foundation of Toynbee Hall. It has been widely copied since, both here and abroad, but when founded it was an experiment. Its conception exactly expressed the character and aims of the Canon. He believed in all things in personal responsibility. In the creation and observance of the individual ideal of duty he saw the best if not the only hope of progress. But ideals must be based on knowledge, and in founding Toynbee Hall, named after the devoted scholar who had spent his brief life in the service of the poor, Barnett set out to throw a bridge over the gulf which separated the East and the West. Men fresh from the Universities were to be encouraged to live in the East End. In this way Barnett held that the cultured and the well-to-do would realize the conditions in a world of which they had no knowledge. From that knowledge would spring sympathy and understanding, and the motive force for future work. It was Barnett's privilege to see his

ideal realised. From its foundation there has been a constant stream of men who for a few years have shared the common life of Toynbee. No one who had any understanding of what it stood for would ever describe it as a mission, or associate it with the idea of an alms-distributing centre. The Canon desired that the educated should share their knowledge and gifts with the unlearned, but he saw that the former had less to give than to receive.

Toynbee became a centre of many forms of activity. There were no formulas or doctrinaire views to which subscription had to be made. There was no test for entrance save only the desire of a man to assist the realization of its ideals. The form of each man's work was a matter for his own decision. Classes were organised, University Extension courses started; residents took part in the machinery of local government, joining Borough Councils and Guardians, new social schemes were started such as that for sending poor children to the country during the summer—now grown to immense proportions. Plans were made for the establishment of intercourse with the people living around. Boys' clubs were started, organised work for the children of the elementary schools was undertaken, the young teachers of the schools were brought together for conference and social intercourse. Men eminent in all walks of life came to the Hall to lecture or to teach. Even to give a list of the activities which were maintained would make a catalogue of impossible length. But in all that was attempted Toynbee Hall stood for the way of life as distinct from the way of machinery, realizing, to quote Barnett's words, that the world is moved by the power of character.

Barnett's success in securing the co-operation of members of the Universities was repeated in the case of his neighbors in Whitechapel. To each social class he made his appeal. "A rich man," he wrote, "hardly enters the kingdom of Heaven, and a rich district with difficulty fills its place in a city. Its inhabitants often adopt a code of manners which becomes equivalent to a code of morals, they kill time by invented interests, they develop a worship and a language of their own, and they incline to depend on force to keep in check their fellow citizens. But a poor man has also his special hindrances in trying to enter the kingdom, and a poor district does not easily fill its place in a city. Its inhabitants are without the knowledge given to the age, they are overpressed by work, they develop prejudices as well as diseases, they too develop, if not a worship, a language of their own, and, hopeless for want of large ideas, they become antagonistic to authority. A poor district needs not only missionaries who will teach, it needs also by contact to feel itself one with those to whom experience and knowledge have taught other ways of living." He obtained the confidence of his working men and women friends.

It was one of the Canon's strongest beliefs that sympathy between different classes could be promoted by sharing in the admiration of noble and beautiful things. This was one of the chief reasons which led him to organize the periodical exhibitions of pictures in the rooms attached to St. Jude's Church. He himself acted as guide. Most of the people who came were ignorant of art, and had no standard of criticism or judgment. It was Barnett's genius to be able to supply it. One of the most honored leaders of the Labor Movement in the House of Commons was amongst these early pilgrims to the shrine of art in Whitechapel. "Barnett first taught me," he said to the present writer, "to look at pictures," and the same statement could be truthfully made by thousands of men and women, into whose lives this new influence came.

His experience with these early exhibitions convinced him that periodical exhibitions of different pictures were superior to permanent exhibitions of the same pictures. Hence when he came, as a development of the pioneer exhibitions, to found the Whitechapel Art Gallery, now known all over London and far beyond, he made it a principle to reserve it for different exhibitions, at short intervals, each with a definite subject and purpose.

Barnett always felt deeply conscious of the almost unbelievable ignorance which prevailed in the West End about the lives and habits of the people of the East End, and he took every opportunity of lessening it. But the task was difficult. When the work of the Hall had become widely known and talked of, visitors would frequently come in a

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spirit of pure curiosity, desirous of thrills. Sometimes these strangers would be from abroad. An officer in the German Army arrived. "I understand," he said to the writer of this article, "that you can show me worse things in East London than the police can. I should like first to be taken to the murder zone." Whilst we paused, wondering how to express our regret at being unable to produce a murder zone in action for the edification of our eager visitor, he added: "It will be dangerous? Never mind, I am prepared," and slapped his breeches pocket containing a revolver. But though such visitors tickled the Canon's sense of humor, he thought there was less excuse for the ignorance of conventional and well-to-do persons at home. "Show me," said a very aristocratic colonel who called at the Hall, "where the poor live." We took him through a few typical streets lined with high tenement houses. He fixed his eye-glass, and, looking up, inquired, "Do you mean that people live in these places?" On being assured that they did, his observation, twice repeated, was "How very interesting!" Conscious of the influence a well-informed Press could wield, Barnett deplored the ignorance of the average journalist, and his humorous despair was extreme when one day there was ushered into our presence an over-decorated and effusive lady who began the conversation in words which I noted at the time: "Do forgive my coming. I'm in charge of the Humanities department of the 'Daily —.' We hear such dreadful accounts of the sufferings of the poor, and I want to write all about them to-day. Could you tell me if the poor things have to eat margarine and what they have to pay for it, and do you think they could start roof gardens?"

Barnett passed from one scheme to another, and all of them bore fruit. This biography is the record of many movements for the inception of which he was responsible—in education, housing reform, unemployment, libraries, local government, model dwellings, students' hostels, poor-law reform; we have scarcely begun the list. Through these pages too there move most of his great contemporaries in every walk of life, and everywhere we see him planting suggestion, with faith, patience, and wisdom, willing for others to reap where he sowed.

It is almost unnecessary to say that such a churchman received little sympathy or recognition from the great body of his brother churchmen. When he opened his picture exhibitions on Sundays, the outcry from churchpeople forced the Bishop to remonstrate with him. A proposal to Bishop Temple to build out of funds he could provide a great church further east, where he was willing to transfer his work, was not thought worthy of a reply. The fountain and beautiful fresco erected outside St. Jude's was sneered at as something "secular." The worship hour which he started caused more appeals to the Bishop. The very reasonable reforms which in the last years of his life he tried to introduce in connection with the better use of Westminster Abbey by the people were vetoed by the authorities.

The book is of course in part a record of the life of Mrs. Barnett. To her belongs the honour which attaches to people who *do* things. For her life was as full as her husband's, and the union of sympathy and ideals was remarkable. She has produced a brilliant biography which gives a real picture. Two observations we make, though not in a critical spirit. We should have liked a wider range of his letters printed. They are full of interest and suggestion, and they form an excellent picture of contemporary life and thought. Occasionally we think the views of the biographer would not necessarily be those of the Canon, as for instance in the almost medieval attitude of adoration with which the Coronation service is described. But she has done a great task well.

J. H. W.

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not occurred to him that the Labor Party's programme was not a matter of selection, but was forced upon them by economic and political development; that Mr. Lloyd George's reactionaries merely precipitated an inevitable struggle; that liberal-minded people are relying upon the strength of the political Labor Party to prevent that struggle from degenerating into violence and chaos. Mr. Reid thinks there is a blessed magic in the words "moderate" and "middle paths," but they can cover a multitude of absurdities, such as his profit-sharing scheme. He talks in a superior way of Labor's ignorance of economic facts and possibilities, but his handling of the question of the distribution of wealth does not point to the possession of any large knowledge, the lack of which he laments in others. In the process of enlightening Labor on economic laws he produces this: If a father and son "by a gradual process of education, or through any means conducing to that end, become more efficient, their wages will rise, because they will be able to produce more." Mr. Reid could never have met a working-man debater on a platform, and if this is all he knows, he should be warned not to hazard the ordeal.

The Week in the City.

THERE have been several ups and downs in the Money Market during the week. But on Wednesday afternoon it became exceptionally easy, and balances were freely offered at 2½ per cent. The discount rate remains at 3½ per cent. The feature in foreign exchanges has been a sudden rise (followed by a good many up and down fluctuations) in the value of the Belgian franc. Apart from official action, it is recognized that Belgium will be better off than other European belligerents. She is under the special care of Mr. Hoover, and is to have a first claim on German indemnities. It will be much easier to maintain the value of Belgian money than of French, and the Belgian War Debt, compared with the French or British, will be comparatively small per head of the population.

War borrowing still continues, apparently at the rate of about twenty-five millions sterling a week, but luckily the sale of War Bonds has improved. The Government at last seems to be taking demobilization seriously, as a result of the unrest in the Army. If so, the financial strain should diminish. But the eternal borrowing still affects the Stock Markets, and there is continued depression in gilt-edged securities, home railways, and, of course, all things connected with Russia. Bank shares seem to be in request, and armament shares have been recovering in view of the prospects of continued trouble in Europe.

FINANCIAL DEMOBILIZATION.

Hopes are expressed in the City, apparently not without foundation, that the Treasury will be in a position to begin, by the end of the present financial year, to return to private owners American and other foreign securities deposited with the Treasury under the Defence of the Realm (Securities) Regulations. A first step towards this financial demobilization is indicated in a Treasury announcement that the American Dollar Securities Committee will purchase no more securities, except those already included in previous requisition lists, for which, as before, they are ready to quote a price on application. The same announcement gives, subject to certain safeguards, general permission to sell abroad Foreign, Indian, and Colonial securities still remaining in private control, whether or not such securities have been in physical possession in the United Kingdom during the war. For the import of securities, however, from abroad, official permits are still required. Bankers have cause to welcome a step towards the restoration of freedom, for the Minister of Blockade has relieved them of the necessity for observing certain tiresome formalities in connection with the financing of exports to neutral countries.

STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE FUTURE.

Four and a-half years of war have tried the Stock Exchange hard, but to judge from certain symptoms, it emerges with spirit unbroken and anticipations of future business, which, in view of demobilization and reconstruction difficulties—and, indeed, in view of the immediate tone of markets—is rather surprising. A symptom of this anticipation is the value which is being placed upon membership of the Stock Exchange. Nominations, which in the dark days of military reverse eight or nine months ago could be had for a five-pound note, now stand at about £70, which suggests that there are plenty of optimists about. The extent of the Stock Exchange recovery during 1918, is gauged in some interesting figures put forward by the "Bankers' Magazine." Taking a list of 387 representative securities, whose total value in 1907 was £3,843 millions, our contemporary calculates that their value had declined on the eve of war to £3,371 millions. From this figure the aggregate value fell steadily until April, 1918—the dark days of military reverse—to a low-water mark of £2,572 millions. By December, 1918, a recovery of £229 millions to a total of £2,801 millions had been achieved, leaving a loss on pre-war values of £570 millions still to be made up.

LUCCELLUM.

LEVINSTEIN, LTD.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of Messrs. Levinstein, Ltd., was held on Monday, December 23, Lord Armaghdale presiding.

The Chairman said:—

The amalgamation between British Dyes, Limited, and our own Company is now practically an accomplished fact.

On November 29 circulars were sent out to the ordinary shareholders asking them to sign a form of assent and authority to myself and my colleagues, Sir H. D. McGowan, K.B.E., and Dr. Herbert Levinstein, agreeing to the proposed exchange of your ordinary shares in Levinstein, Limited, for fully paid shares in the new company to be called the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Limited, and enabling us on your behalf to exercise the transfer as soon as the new company comes into existence.

A similar circular was sent out on the same date to the ordinary shareholders of British Dyes, Limited.

As regards our own preference shareholders, the new company is willing either to buy their holding for cash or to exchange for each £10 preference share ten 7 per cent. non-cumulative £1 preference shares in the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd.

All class of shareholders in both companies were asked to sign their forms of assent and to return them to us not later than December 16.

I am glad to be able to inform you that an overwhelming majority of the holders of ordinary and preference shares in our Company and of the ordinary shareholders in British Dyes, Ltd., have returned their assents. Only an insignificant minority have failed to return their forms. I would ask these few shareholders kindly to lose no further time in filling up and returning them to me as the offer to exchange is still open, but cannot be kept open indefinitely.

It is gratifying to me to know that you have approved of our scheme, and that the country will at last have the advantage of presenting a more united front in the great commercial struggle with the German dye industry which is about to begin. Make no mistake about it, the future success of the textile trades of this country depends largely on the successful outcome of this struggle.

Prior to the war the Germans had acquired a control over the textile trades of all countries in the world. It was one of their most potent forms of peaceful penetration, the political importance of which in India, China, Russia, Persia, and the Near East has never received proper recognition.

In our own country the danger of being dependent upon Germany for a supply of dyestuffs is now clear to everybody, but prior to the war this was not the case. This lack of recognition is, in my opinion, chiefly due to the fact that the German plans were not completed. A process was going on in Germany by which in a very short space of time it was proposed to absorb all dangerous rivals in the dye industry, crushing out in the process, if they could, all those who, like ourselves, recognised the German menace and had

the courage to stand out against it. The moment that this scheme was completed, and it was very near completion, consumers in this country would have realised their danger and would have been ready to fight against it, but it would have been too late to take effective measures to protect themselves.

The Germans are, we know, specious and plausible while acquiring domination, but entirely arbitrary and unscrupulous when they are in the ascendant.

An independent aniline dye industry is, therefore, vital to the national security.

From national reasons you will regret as much as I do the great and unnecessary delay which has restricted, to an extent of which the people are not aware, the developments of the industry in this country.

The country in general and the textile trades in particular owe a great debt to the President of the Board of Trade and to the Dyes Commissioner for their initiative in this matter, and for the very valuable assistance which they have consistently given to the industry.

It is a matter of regret to me that with the formation of the British Dyestuffs Corporation I propose to sever my active connection with the aniline dye industry. After twenty-three years as chairman of your company, I feel entitled to enjoy a little more leisure. I am glad to think that under my chairmanship the Company has achieved such a great position, both in the industrial and scientific world. Our successor, the British Dyestuffs Corporation, have a most important task before them, in which I heartily hope and believe they will have every success.

Very considerable extensions are necessary before the Company can complete the production programme which has been mapped out. Adequate funds will no doubt be forthcoming, and I would like to emphasise, as I did last year, and, I believe, in the previous year, that adequate financial support is the one thing essential to our carrying out the desire of the Government and rendering this country independent of German dyestuffs. On the scientific side success is certain.

There is a far greater amount of chemical talent in the country than is generally realised. A great deal of it was never previously enlisted in the public service, but during the war purely academic chemists have rendered considerable service to the State in investigating new substances and devising new processes for offensive and defensive warfare. This has brought many university professors for the first time in touch with manufacturing requirements. Their experience will, I trust, prove of advantage both to pure science and also to industry, particularly to our industry, which is based on science and lives by scientific research.

The old academic tradition that research work which would lead to immediate practical results was beneath the dignity of science is dying out. Nobody desires universities to neglect research on subjects of abstract and purely theoretical interest, but nobody rejoices more than the leaders of our industry at the closer feeling of unity which has been established between the leaders of pure science and the leaders in the application of

science to industry. Brilliant men who formerly stood apart are now anxious to help, and we who know how to use their assistance welcome them most cordially, and require their aid. I for one will never believe that we in this country, roused at last to battle in the domain of science, will prove unequal to our task.

We stood in the organization of scientific industries as far behind the Germans as we did in the organization of great armies. We have succeeded by a great national effort in surpassing the German military achievement. A similar national effort is now required on the part of our scientific industries.

REVIEW OF PAST TWELVE MONTHS.

During the past twelve months, owing to the restrictions imposed upon us by the Government, our Ellesmere Port factory was compelled to go on to short time for over two months, thereby creating for a period of shortage of synthetic indigo in this country, from which we have not fully recovered. I am glad to say the factory for some time past has been operating to its fullest extent. Now that the war is over we are looking forward to large developments.

In addition to the manufacture of indigo great developments have taken place in the manufacture of dyestuffs akin to indigo, and a considerable number of such products previously only manufactured in Germany have been put on the market during the last twelve months. They are known to consumers as vat dyestuffs, and were previously not manufactured in this country. If any of you is interested in a further description of these dyestuffs I would refer him to a chapter called "Indigo and its Family" in a little pamphlet which we have issued under the title "Four Years' Work."

The Company has acquired at Ellesmere Port two options to purchase land, in close proximity to the existing works. The site possesses a two-mile frontage to the Manchester Ship Canal. An unlimited supply of water is available from the underlying sandstone, and the effluent can be disposed of under the Ship Canal into the River Mersey by means of a syphon pipe already in existence.

The land is level, suitable for building, and close to the North Wales coalfields.

In its geographical position and other advantages this land compares favourably not only with the site of any chemical works in the kingdom, but, what is more important, with that of the German aniline dye factories situated on the banks of the Rhine.

As soon as the light railway order authorising us to connect this land with the London and North-Western and Great Western joint system has been completed we propose to exercise the first of the options in question.

Our constructional programme, both at Blackley and Ellesmere Port, has been practically stopped during the past twelve months owing to the impossibility of acquiring priority, and therefore the production of dyes in these factories has not increased to the extent desired. At the same time our range of dyes has been strengthened, and, above all, a large amount of highly important research work

has been carried out, the benefits of which we shall feel as soon as we are able to construct the factories.

It will be known to most of you that the Company has taken an important share in the development of the gas warfare during the past twelve months, a branch in which no building restrictions were imposed. I cannot yet enter into details of this work, but you will be glad to know that our record is in some respects unique. We undertook on our own initiative the manufacture of probably the most dangerous product used in the war, the production of which had caused very great difficulties to the Allied belligerents and a large number of casualties to those who had undertaken its manufacture.

By the close co-operation of our research and manufacturing resources we solved the technical difficulties erected the plant, and delivered this material by a process which was safe, simple, cheap, and practical. It was not the kind of thing which most people would undertake to make voluntarily.

The results of our investigation and the drawings of our plant were placed freely and without charge at the disposal not only of our own Government, but of all the Governments associated with us in the war.

It will gratify you to know that the information received from us proved of the greatest value, and that in the opinion of competent authorities, our deliveries played an important part on the field of battle.

Had the armistice come a few weeks later certain developments in our manufacture of gas would have had time to become effective in France.

The enemy chose for surrender the moment when the gas warfare of the Allies was about to overwhelm him, although he had a long start in this particular method of frightfulness.

I call your special attention to this point because gas warfare had become most scientific before the war ended. Our success in beating the German in this branch is significant to those who, like myself, believe that we can also surpass his very considerable achievements in the aniline dye industry.

ACCOUNTS.

I regret to inform you that, as was the case last year, we are unable to present to you our accounts, owing to the delay in coming to a settlement with the Inland Revenue with regard to the payment of the Excess Profits Tax. For this reason, too, it is impossible for me, and I greatly regret this, to inform you of the number of shares in the British Dyestuffs Corporation which you will receive in exchange for your present holding in Levinstein, Ltd. I am sure that you will find the accounts, when they can be finally settled, and also the holding which you will have in the British Dyestuffs Corporation, entirely satisfactory.

INCREASE OF PRODUCTION.

Our production of dyes in the year ending June 30th, 1918, is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times the production of the former year. This increase represents our expansion only very inadequately. The expansion in the production of intermediate products is even more important.

In 1914 we made 1,403,490 lb. of intermediate products.

In 1918 our production of intermediate productions was 15,169,122 lb., nearly 11 times the production of 1914.

This figure comprises over 150 products.

In 1914 most of the intermediate products we used in our works were made in Germany.

In 1918 we made $7\frac{1}{2}$ times as much dye-stuff, and made it from intermediates manufactured entirely by ourselves. This is not all. We could not buy all the nitric acid and oleum required for the manufacture of intermediate products; we had to make them ourselves. In 1918 we made 22,619,363 lb. of these products, of which we had none in 1914.

We have not spent a penny in the erection of plant for the manufacture of substances which we could buy from outside sources. If we have made ourselves independent in the supply of intermediate products, it was because there was nobody else in this country who was either able or willing to supply us.

Now let me make a comparison of profits. During the five years immediately preceding the war, years of very bitter competition with the Germans, our average profit amounted to a sum equal to 17 per cent. on our share capital. In those years the Germans supplied most of the aniline dye used in this country, and our production was limited by the amount which we could sell. The prices we obtained were on the whole less than those obtained by the Germans, because we were always endeavouring to cut in and oust the man in possession.

Our overhead charges for research and for the selling organization were unduly high in comparison with those of the Germans owing to our small output.

Had we produced in 1914 the quantity of dyes we produced in 1918, our profits would have approached those made, say, by one of the more important German companies. Owing to the reduction in the ratio of overhead charges, they could not fail to have been far more than seven times our profits in 1914, always provided that we had sold these quantities at the same prices as the Germans were obtaining in that year.

Although in 1918 our production of dyes has gone up $7\frac{1}{2}$ times and our production of intermediate products is nearly 11 times greater, I estimate that our net profits on dyestuffs will only prove to be 6.15 times our profit for 1914. In making this estimate I am deducting the profit on the intermediate products.

I think it important that you should fully understand the significance of those figures which I have given you.

Prominence has been given in the press to the high prices of dyestuffs, chiefly those dyestuffs which come into the hands of dealers. The high cost of raw materials is very generally overlooked, and also the effect of the present war taxation which presses so heavily on what is practically a new industry in this country.

Had we been able to manufacture and sell in 1914 the same quantity of dyes and intermediate products we now make our profits would have been far larger than they are to-day.

The annual profits made by the Germans

over a long period of years in this country are very much greater than the profits which we have made in 1918, as far as we can estimate them. The German profits were largely invested in their business. The German plants are for the most part intact, and whilst they have been enormously extended for the purpose of making poison gas and other munitions of war, the dye plant which remains is more than sufficient to supply her internal requirements.

We have yet to erect at a high cost a large amount of plant. The German plants were erected at a much lower cost and have already been written off.

It is clear therefore that in the meantime we must have assistance from the State, for we must have breathing time in which to complete our factories, organise our staffs, and devote to purposes of peace the energies which have been devoted to the State for the purposes of war.

I hope to have made clear to you that our profits, which have been substantial, are entirely due to the enormous increase in our output. They will prove to be much less than those which consumers so cheerfully enabled the Germans to make for many years before the outbreak of war.

In the case of the new Company the Board of Trade has very properly decided that the dividend shall be limited to 8 per cent, and has taken powers to interfere should in their opinion, prices be too high or should the distribution of its products be unfair. I do not believe that the Board of Trade will ever have cause to exercise these powers, but we very gladly agreed to these provisions which make it certain that consumers will never have any reason to regret giving the British Dyestuffs Corporation their whole-hearted support.

MR. CLAUS.

You will have seen by the notice convening this meeting that Mr. Claus has resigned his seat on our Board, and I wish to tell you how much we regret that he is retiring from business, and that we shall no longer have the benefit of his experience and ability at the Clayton Works.

Mr. Claus is leaving the North of England, and I am sure that he will carry with him a warm feeling in his heart for those with whom he has been so long associated in business.

STAFF.

In the strenuous year's work which I have outlined to you we have received the most loyal and whole-hearted co-operation from the staff. Work has been very heavy and the hours long, but all have risen to the occasion in the knowledge that by their efforts they were doing their duty in the great struggle.

Our relations with our workpeople have also been of the happiest, and it is my earnest hope that the new Corporation will be served with the same faithfulness and goodwill as the old firm.

I wish to offer my own personal thanks and those of my colleagues on the Board to the staff and the workpeople for the devoted service which they have given to your business.

The retiring director, Lord Armaghdale, was re-elected. Mr. Edward Patterson, of Ashworth, Moseley, and Co., was re-elected auditor of this Company.

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